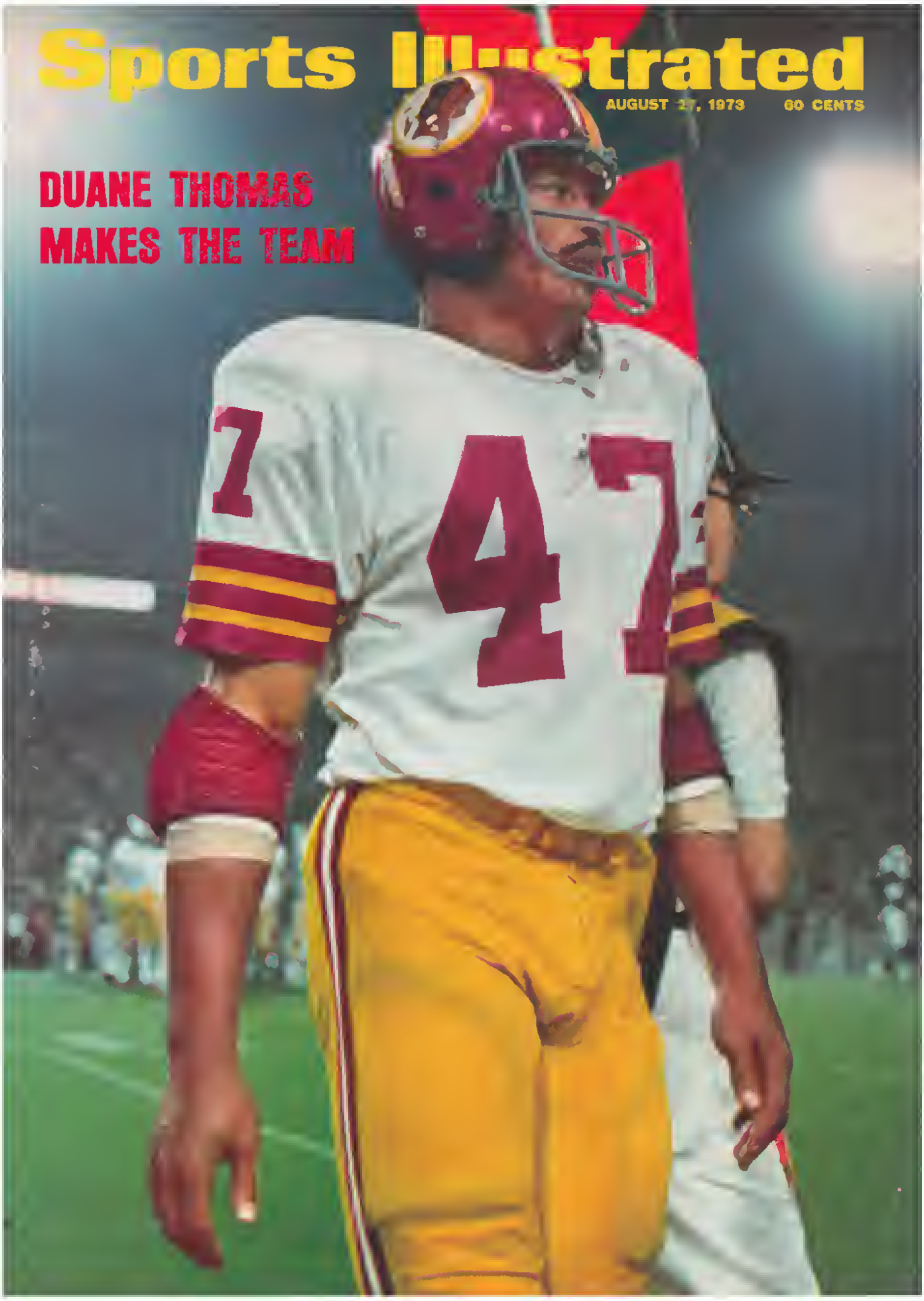

Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 27, 1973
60 CENTS
DUANE THOMAS
MAKES THE TEAM



©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Can you still get prime quality for $1.26 a pound?

A paund af Volkswogen isn't cheap campared to other cars. But whot you pay far is the quolity. Prime quality.

Just laak at whot you get for your money:

13 pounds of paint, same of it in places yau can't even see. (Sa yau can leave o Volkswogen aut avernight ond it won't spoil.)

A watertight, airtight, sealed steel battam that protects against racks, rain, rust and rat.

Over 1,000 inspections per ane Beetle.

1,014 inspectors wha are sa finicky that they reject parts yau could easily ride araund with and nat even detect there was anything wrang.

Electranic Diagnasis that tells yau what's right and wrong with impartant parts af yaur car.

A 1600 cc aluminum-magnesium engine thot gets 25* miles to o gollon of regulor gosoline.

Valkswogen's troditianally high resale volue.

Over 22,000 chonges and impravements on o cor that wos well built ta begin with.

What with all the care we take in building every single Volkswagen, we'd like to coll it o filet mignon of a cor. Only one problem. It's too taugh.

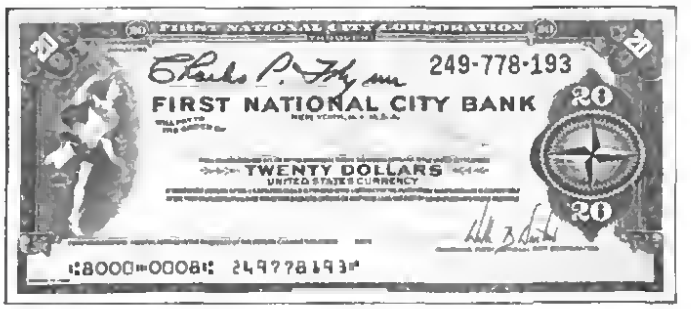
Few things in life wark as well as a Valkswagen.

*DIN 70030

YOUR HOUSE IS COVERED.
YOUR CAR IS COVERED.
YOUR LIFE IS COVERED.



PRESENTING: COVERED MONEY.



HOW DO FIRST NATIONAL CITY TRAVELERS CHECKS COVER YOUR MONEY?
Completely, that's how. 100% refund in case of loss, theft, fire, floods, storms, or mysterious disappearance.

WHERE DO YOU GET FIRST NATIONAL CITY TRAVELERS CHECKS?
Ask for them at your bank—in your home town. In short, just about anywhere.

WHERE CAN YOU USE THEM?
At millions of places . . . airlines, hotels, motels, restaurants, shops, and other retail and service establishments in the U.S. and all over the world.

WHAT DO YOU DO IF YOU LOSE THEM?
There are more than 35,000 bank offices in the U.S. and around the world where you can get them replaced on-the-spot.

HOW MUCH DO THEY COST?
A fee of one cent for a dollar's worth. Is there any better way to protect your money? Get full coverage before you take the shortest — or the longest trip — for business or pleasure . . . or if you keep emergency money in your wallet, at home or your office.

Ask for them at your bank.

First National City Travelers Checks.



Safeco saved Lee Lewis $92 on his car insurance.

Safeco has long been known for fast, fair claim settling. But not enough drivers are aware of just how low Safeco's prices are.

The answer is *very*.

Lee Lewis (Policy #B37-80-37) saved $92 the first year. Maybe we can do the same for you. To find out, call your local independent Safeco agent and ask him to prove how low Safeco's prices are. The odds are pretty good you'll find our cost is lower than what you're currently paying. Your Safeco agent is in the Yellow Pages. Safeco. Insurance on your car, home, health, boat, business, life, and everything else you value.

Smile, you're with Safeco

Contents

AUGUST 27, 1973 *Volume 39, No. 9*

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

16 Staring and Starring

Whether glowering in practice or glaring in action, Duane Thomas seems to have found himself as a Redskin

20 The Flight That Failed

The balloon left at dawn, but few realized that, win or lose, here was another last American hero

24 Pinning Down the Voodoo Ball

Big-league pitchers have nightmares about the Haiti ball, but in that impoverished land it is a dream come true

30 Visions of Eight

The film of the Munich Olympics is not a report on the Games but the artistic impressions of eight famed directors

36 A Machine with Two Pistons

Luc Robillard and Jerry Kellagg pounded through 15 painful hours to win the AuSable Canoe Marathon

54 Turning a Horse Back to a Pony

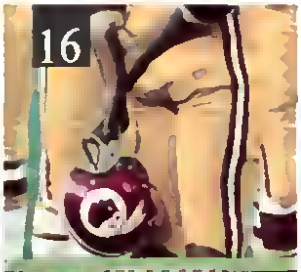
After starting small and swelling ever bigger, the Mustang has returned to its original sporty car heritage

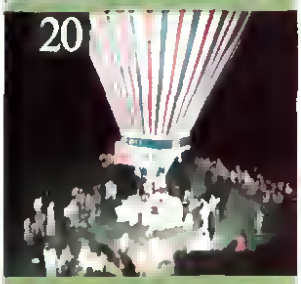
64 Run, Rabbit, Run

No harebrained scheme, Owen Smith's mechanical bunny put dog racing on the track and helped nab Al Capone

The departments

11 Scorecard
44 People
47 Baseball
52 Bridge
54 Motor Sports
56 Tennis
60 Golf
77 For the Record
78 19th Hole

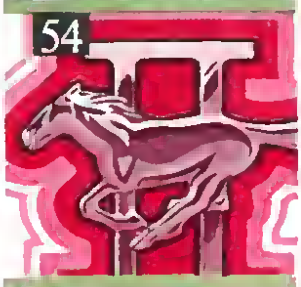


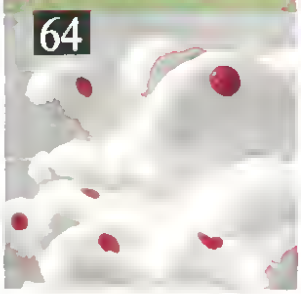












SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $12.00 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year; all others $16.00 a year.

Credits on page 77

Next week

AMERICAN SOCCER comes of age as Dallas, with Rookie of the Year Kyle Rote Jr., takes on Philadelphia, predominantly a U.S. team, for the NASL title. Edwin Shrake reports.

BIRDS AND BEASTS known as Orioles and Tigers are battling feather and claw in the American League's Eastern Division. William Leggett is the bird and animal watcher.

THE WORST BET in the NFL is giving more than seven points. In an excerpt from his new book, Larry Merchant interviews the wise guys and offers a few words to the wise.

© 1973 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED.



The bold new cologne for the sensuous lion.

JCPenney

We know what you're looking for.

For men only. Roar Cologne 4 oz. 4.50, Roar After Shave 4 oz. 3.75, Roar Shampoo 8 oz. 1.75
Exclusive at JCPenney Available at most large stores.

Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry R. Luce (1898–1967)

Editor-in-Chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James R. Shepley
Chairman, Executive Committee: James A. Linen
Group Vice President, Magazines: Arthur W. Keylor

Vice Chairman: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: Andre Laguerre
Executive Editor: Roy Terrell
Assistant Managing Editors: John Tibby, Ray Cave, Jeremiah Tax

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Arthur J. Binstock, Robert W. Creamer, Andrew Crichton, Barbara Lee Horstman, Scott Ferrell, Bob Ottum, Gilbert Rogin, Kenneth Rudeen, Patricia Ryan

Senior Writers: Robert H. Boyle, Frank Deford, Dan Jenkins, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, William Leggett, Hamilton B. Maule, Coles Phinizy, Whitney Tower, John Underwood

Associate Editors: Gwilym S. Brown, Joseph Carroll, Peter Carry, Ron Fimrite, Ray Flood, Joe Jares, Curry Kirkpatrick, Jerry Kirshenbaum, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kram, Mark Mulvoy, Pat Putnam, Morton Sharnik, Edwin Shrake, M. R. Werner, Hugh D. Wilgus

Staff Writers: Roy Blount Jr., Jeanne'tte Bruce, Julie Campbell, Alice Higgins, Dan Levin, Barry McDermott, Harold Peterson, Ron Reid, Herman Weiskopf

Photography: PICTURE EDITOR George J. Bloodgood, Thomas Vanderschmidt (DEPUTY), Frank Aquila, Dan Dilliquanti, Betty Dick, Carolyn Pember, Theodore Seraphiney, Robert W. Taylor (Assistant). Contributing Photographers: Jerry Cooke, Gerry Cranham, Roy Dr. Carla, James Drake, John D. Hanlon, Walter Iooss Jr., Heinz Kluetmeier, Neil Leifer, Bob Scharfman, Lee Schwerdt, Sheedy & Long, Lane Stewart, Tony Triolo

Production Manager: Gene W. Lisch

Chief of Research: Mervin D. Hyman

Writer-Reporters: Sarah Pileggo (DEPUTY), Jim Kaplan, Larry I. Keith, Pamela Knight, Jos. Marshall, Lynn Simoss, Anita Verschoth, Nancy Williamson (Special Projects)

Senior Reporters: Julia Lamb, Rose Mary Mechem, Paula Phelps, Constance Tibbs, Christiana Walford

Reporters: Susan Adams, Michael DeNagro, Myra Gilband, Jane Grose, Kent Hannon, Vickie Ann Hatcher, Denise Rogers, Stephanie Salter, D. Alexandra Stathopoles, William T. White

Art Department: Harvey Grut, Martin Nathan (ASSOCIATES), Brendan J. Mahey (Color Quality), William Bronstein, Ellen A. Kosnoff, Linda Schwarz, Catherine Smolich, Thomas Vink, Lamas

Copy Desk: Betty DeMeester (CHIEF), Jos. Herman (DEPUTY), Lawrence Cannistraci, Madeleine Edmonson, Barbara W. Murray, Catherine Ogilvie, Deirdre Ramsell, Robert H. Williams

Production: Wayne Prather (DEPUTY), Mark Ferrie, Kenneth Lanteen, David Young

Administrative Department: Maureen Harris (CHIEF), Marietta Gomes, Margaretta Kelly, Meda Jane Alberse

Special Contributors: Robert Cantwell, Bil Gilbert, Charles Gunn, Richard W. Johnston, Martin Kane, Thomas McNamee, Carleton Mitchell, Jack Nicklaus, Jack Olsen, George Plimpton

Special Correspondents: Eleanore Mikosovic (CHIEF), Clementina Alluin (DEPUTY), *Albuquerque*, LeRoy Bauman, *Anchorage*, Molly B. Jones, *Atlanta*, Lewis Grizzard, *Austin*, Jimmy Banks, *Baltimore*, Joe D'Adamo, *Baton Rouge*, Dan Hardesty, *Boston*, Leo Monahan, *Buffalo*, Dick Johnston, *Carson City*, Guy Shiplet Jr., *Charlotte*, Ronald Green, *Chicago*, William Taulbee, *Cincinnati*, Jim Schmidt, Lotte, *Cleveland*, Charles Heaton, *Columbus*, Kaye Kessler, *Dallas*, Steve Perkins, *Denver*, Bob Bowie, *Des Moines*, Bob Asbille, *Detroit*, Jerry Green, *Greensboro*, Smith Barney, *Harrisburg*, John Travers, *Honolulu*, Jim Richardson, *Houston*, Jack Gallagher, *Indianapolis*, Dick Denny, *Jacksonville*, Bill Kastelz, *Kansas City*, Theodore O'Leary, *Knoxville*, Bro Byrd, *Lexington*, Til Ashland, *Little Rock*, Orville Henry, *Los Angeles*, Jack Tobin, *Louisville*, William I. Reed, *Memphis*, Charles Gillespie, *Miami*, Glenn Knickerbocker, *Milwaukee*, Bob Wolf, *Minneapolis*, Dick Goulin, *Nashville*, Max Vosk, *New Haven*, Bill Guthrie, *New Orleans*, Peter Finney, *Oklahoma City*, Harold Soles, *Omaha*, Hollis Limprecht, *Philadelphia*, Gordon Forbes, *Phoenix*, Frank Gianelli, *Pittsburgh*, Pat Livingston, *Portland*, Ken Wheeler, *Providence*, Paul Townsend, *Rush*, Dolly Connolly, *Providence*, John Hanlon, *Roanoke*, Bill Bull, *Salt Lake City*, George Ferguson, *San Antonio*, John Jones, *San Diego*, Jack Murphy, *San Francisco*, Art Rosenbaum, *Seattle*, Emmett Watson, *South Bend*, Joe Doyle, *Spartanburg*, Leslie Timms, *St. Louis*, Bob McCoy, *Syracuse*, Burt Vander Veer, *Tallahassee*, Bill McGrotha, *Tampa*, Tom McEwen, *Waco*, Dave Campbell, *Washington*, Merrie Zaft

Canada: *Montreal*, Arthur Siegel, *Toronto*, Rex MacLeod, *Vancouver*, Eric Whitehead

Time-Life News Service: CHIEF, Murray J. Gart, (DEPUTY), Benjamin W. Cate

Editorial Services: Paul Welch (Director), Carolyn R. Pappas, Norman Airey, Nicholas Costun Jr., George Karas, Benjamin Lightman, Doris O'Neil

Publisher: John A. Meyers
Associate Publisher: Harry Steinbreder Jr.
Business Manager: Richard W. Angle Jr.
Advertising Sales Director: William M. Kelly Jr.
Circulation Director: Bruce Barnet
Promotion Director: Harry C. Rubicam
Special Events Director: Keith Morris

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"I had meant to read Graham Greene's novel *The Comedians* before I got to Haiti," says Ron Fimrite, "but I had about 15 pages to go and I thought I'd just finish it on the way. I was talking to Don Delliquanti about it when this woman behind us on the plane said, 'My God, they won't let you take that into the country! They consider it anti-Haitian literature.' I had visions of getting off the plane and going straight to the pokey, but I decided to brazen it out. Fortunately, we got through Customs in a matter of seconds, and the whole time we were in the country we saw no police or military forces to speak of."

Fimrite, Photographic Assistant Delliquanti and Photographer John Hanlon were in Haiti to learn about Haitian-sewn baseballs for the story beginning on page 24. Fimrite was to write the story, the others to provide the pictures from which Artist Michael Ramus would work. Their arrival was announced on page one of *Le Nouvelliste*, Haiti's oldest newspaper: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FAIT UN REPORTAGE SUR HAITI. With fame thus thrust upon them, our men proceeded to act accordingly.



FIMRITE: VOODOO SURGEON

In Port-au-Prince they bunked in the John Gielgud Suite at the Grand Hotel Oloffson, aptly called the Gingerbread Palace and the setting for Greene's "subversive" novel. "Typical tropical splendor," Fimrite says. "We entertained nightly on our veranda. I liked it so much I'm going back for vacation on my own money."

Hanlon was so taken with the paintings on the walls that he bought one on the spot. Fimrite followed suit but reports, "My wife rejected it immediately and put it in storage. She said it looked as though it had been painted by numbers. And I was sober when I bought it," he adds gloomily.

As it turned out, Fimrite & Co. were not always so sober. On the following day the group took a midafternoon tour of a local rum distillery, a tour including all the free rum one could drink. Between the three of them they managed to conscientiously work their way through all 17 liqueurs—coconut, mango, hibiscus, mint, etc. How much did they drink? Fimrite says, "I did my best." Delliquanti says, "More than I've ever had in a concentrated dose." Hanlon was unavailable for comment. But what they do all remember is the bathing suit Delliquanti bought on the way back to the hotel.

"I suddenly realized I had come to Haiti without anything to swim in," he says. "It was hot, and we could hardly wait to get into the hotel pool." By then it was 3:50 p.m., and the shops were going to close in 10 minutes. Racing down the road ("The goats and children were flying every which way," Fimrite says), they made it to a store in time for Delliquanti to purchase his bathing costume.

"It was horrible," Fimrite says. "Black in the back; black, white and powder-blue in the front." Mrs. Fimrite would no douht have burned it instead of merely putting it into storage. But Delliquanti thought it looked fine, "at least at the time," he says. Back at the hotel he put it on—and went to sleep on the bed.

Fimrite says taking a nap was the best possible thing to do in that bathing suit.

Jack Mayer

Thrill to the wild beauty of back country--now yours to

TIME LIFE BOOKS presents THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS



Sporting 50-pound antlers, an Alaskan bull moose helps himself to the 10-25 pounds of tree twigs he eats each day. A full-grown bull weighs almost two tons and stands seven feet.

Once worshipped by Indians for their courage, endurance and ingenuity, coyotes are among nature's most efficient predators

Running the rapids at Leva Falls in the Grand Canyon, one of the fiercest stretches of white water in North America

The untamed wild areas that lie in and around the United States of America are one of our greatest treasures. The mountains, forests, shorelines are priceless not only as preserves for wild plants and animals, but also as places where man can get back to nature and stand tall in the rugged outdoors.

Now you can get greater enjoyment from the glories of America's back country, and enjoy them at home when you can't be out in their midst, in THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS, a spectacular series from TIME-LIFE BOOKS. As a subscriber, you'll experience through words and pictures the breathtaking scenery, the natural history, the plant and animal life of some of the world's most inspiring natural wonderlands.

You'll visit *The High Sierra*, whose rugged cliffs and forests are a last stronghold of the West's big cats. *The Northeast Coast*, teeming with fascinating life forms at the border where ocean meets forest. *The Grand Canyon*, which slices a mile into the earth's crust, revealing rocks that are two billion years old. *The North Woods*, where the tall, dark trees march up into Canada from the northern edge of Minnesota. *The Atlantic Beaches*, from Boston to North Carolina, where the tides and wind are constantly reshaping the shoreline. *Baja California*, where ruined missions, bleached bones and abandoned mines give evidence of man's unsuccessful efforts to triumph over inhospitable nature. And other books in the series will take you to many other wondrous wilderness areas.

Explore *Wild Alaska* for 10 days FREE

To start your tour of THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS accept, for a 10-day free examination, the volume on *Wild Aloska*. Be our guest as you explore America's last frontier, with the world's largest bears, the tallest mountain in North America, wolves that eat 25 pounds at one feeding and a glacier that's bigger than Rhode Island.

Then decide if you want to keep *Wild Aloska*. You may do so for only $5.95 plus shipping and handling, or you may return it within 10 days with no further obligation. If you keep *Wild Aloska*, we will send you other volumes in the series as described on the reply card. There is no obligation for you to buy any of these books, and you may cancel your subscription at any time.

To take advantage of this offer, just fill out and mail the reply card. If card is missing, use coupon.

As your introduction

Explore Wild Alaska free for 10 days

as a guest of TIME-LIFE BOOKS

TIME LIFE BOOKS



Giant redwoods are the largest living things on earth, with trunks so thick that a stump was once used as a dance floor

- 40,000 words of text
- Written by gifted author Dale Brown with eminent zoologist and ecologist William O. Pruitt, Jr. as consultant
- 9 by 10¾ inches, hardbound
- 184 pages
- 96 illustrations—photographs and maps, including 85 pages in full color

America's untamed enjoy as never before



THE GRAND CANYON
The majestic "wilderness in stone" that has been called the world's largest and oldest history book.

THE HIGH SIERRA
Home of the giant redwoods site of spectacular Yosemite with a waterfall 15 times higher than Niagara, and birds that fly underwater

THE NORTNEAST COAST
from storm-racked Maine to Newfoundland home of the harp seal the clownlike puffin, other fascinating shoreline creatures

THE NORTN WOODS
from northern Minnesota to Lake Athabasca in Canada where beaver moose, wolves and other animals roam the stands of lofty pines and glades of birch and aspen

BAJA CALIFORNIA
An unearthly region of spiny mountains desert plains and odd life forms like a rattlesnake with no rattles

WILD ALASKA
The Great Land four time zones wide—with three million lakes 119 million acres of forest and still 99 per cent uninhabited.



ATLANTIC BEACNES
The surprisingly extensive stretches of unspoiled beach where the forces of nature can be seen at work as man saw them 100 years ago

CACTUS COUNTRY
The weirdly beautiful desert country in southern Arizona and northern Mexico home of buzzards, Gila monsters and 140 kinds of cactus

The Salmon-fishing Bears of Katmai



If bound-in card is missing, use this coupon

TIME-LIFE BOOKS
Time & Life Building, Chicago, Ill. 60611

Yes I would like to examine **Wild Alaska**. Please send it to me for 10 days free examination and enter my subscription to THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS. If I decide to keep **Wild Alaska**, I will pay $5.95 ($6.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS series, shipped a volume at a time approximately every other month. Each is $5.95 ($6.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10 day, free examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy. I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep **Wild Alaska**, I will return the book within 10 days, my subscription for future volumes will be canceled and I will not be under any further obligation. 2009

Print Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Schools and Libraries: Order Library Style Bindings from Silver Burdett Company, Morristown, N. J. 07960. Eligible for Titles I, II funds.



Alive with pleasure!



After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

19 mg "tar" 1.3 mg nicotine av per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '71



Come on out to the fall game!

Order tickets now for more Big Ten football action at Northwestern!

Come on out to Dyche Stadium this fall for six big Saturdays of fun and excitement. You'll find there's something for everyone.

- Wide-open, option style football.
- Football's most beautiful pompon girls.
- NU's World Baton Twirling Champion.
- Famous fast-stepping Wildcat Marching Band—performs exciting shows at half-time, before and after each game.
- Acrobatic cheerleading squad.
- Traditional tailgate picnics.

But the color and pageantry don't stop there. The Wildcats' dynamic new coach, John Pont, promises a totally new look for NU football. And this includes the return of one of the country's most exciting backfields which boasts the Big Ten's leading passer.



Northwestern games in 1972 averaged 25



plays a game more than Miami's Super Bowl Champions. That's action you can count on.

The Wildcats' first four home games will be played early in the season. That means warm weather and beautiful autumn color on campus. Check the schedule and plan your Saturday outings at Dyche Stadium now. It's easy to reach from anywhere in the Chicago area.



1973 TICKET APPLICATION—Mail early for best seating.

NAME _____
(please print)

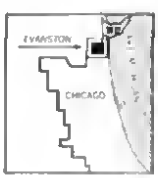
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send ____ SEASON tickets for six home games
at $42 each $ ____ 00
Postage and handling $ ____ .50
Total $ ____

Priority on location goes to season ticket holders

Make your check or money order payable to NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY and mail with this application to.
Ticket Office
Dyche Stadium
Evanston, Illinois 60201
For additional information, call (312) 492 7070



INDIVIDUAL GAMES

Home		No tickets	Total cost
Sep 15—Michigan State	($7)	___	$_____
Sep 29—Pittsburgh (H S Band Day)	($7)	___	$_____
Oct 6—Ohio University	($7)	___	$_____
Oct 13—Iowa	($7)	___	$_____
Nov 3—Minnesota (Homecoming)	($7)	___	$_____
Nov 24—Illinois	($7)	___	$_____
Postage and handling @ $0 20 per game			$_____
		Total	$_____

Or please charge my
☐ American Express
☐ Bank Americard
☐ Master Charge

Card#_____
Expires_____
(Master Charge only, last four digit bank# ___ ___ ___ ___)

Patron Signature _____

Tickets may also be purchased at all TICKETRON outlets.



Finally. Great sound gets out of the woods.

JBL's new loudspeaker, Prima 25.

Bright, gutsy thermoplastic enclosures in your choice of six delicious colors. Blue! Yellow! Charcoal! White! Brown! Red!

Coordinated color grilles to punctuate the look. Storage modules for your records or tapes in the same color choices to mix or match. And a brilliant top to bottom design that invites stacking, interlocking, building a room around Prima.

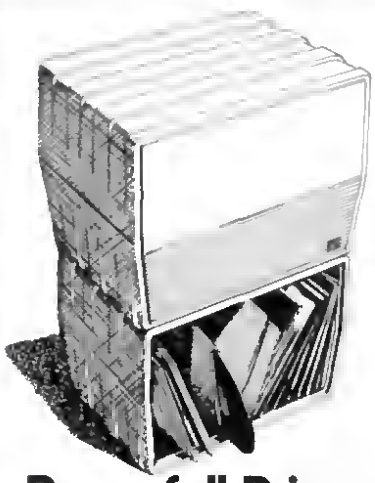
Inside Prima 25, the JBL Sound:

Wide, smooth frequency response, impeccable transient reproduction and superb definition. In non-technical language, great sound.

(Would it impress you to know that JBL loudspeakers are the hands down choice of professional recording studios? It's true.)

Come listen to JBL's new Prima 25. You'll never look at sound the same again.





Buy a full Prima now and save $30 on an empty one.

JBL's Prima is $159. The storage module is regularly $69.

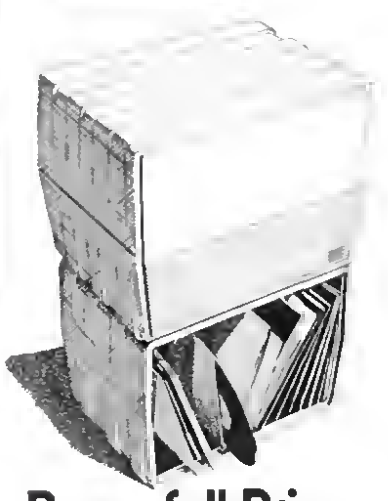
But now, for a very limited time, there's a special package price: a Prima and a storage module for $198.

If you're even thinking about Prima, do it now, friend.

James B. Lansing Sound, Inc. / High fidelity loudspeakers from $129 to $2,700 / 3249 Casitas Avenue, Los Angeles 90039

30 ways to get out of the woods.

ILLINOIS
Addison
Tech Hi Fi
Chicago
Musicraft
(2 locations)
Tech Hi Fi
(2 locations)
United Audio Centers
(2 locations)
Deerfield
United Audio Centers
Downers Grove
Tech Hi Fi
Elmhurst
Willard s, Inc.
Evanston
Audio Consultants
Pacific Stereo
Highland Park
Columbia Hi Fi
Hinsdale
Hinsdale Camera – Audio Div.
Homewood
Musicraft
Lombard
Pacific Stereo
Yorktown Music Shop
Morton Grove
Musicraft
Mount Prospect
Hi Fi Hutch



Buy a full Prima now and save $30 on an empty one.

JBL s Prima is $159 The storage module is regularly $69
But now, for a very limited time, there's a special package price a Prima and a storage module for $198
If you re even thinking about Prima do it now friend

Niles
Pacific Stereo
Oak Park
Musicraft
Pacific Stereo
Oaklawn
Pacific Stereo
Palatine
Auto Sound
Rockford
Schnulle's Hi Fi Shop, Inc.
Schaumburg
Schaak Electronics
Skokie
Auto Sound
Villa Park
Hi Fi Hutch
Waukegan
Lakehurst Music Shop
INDIANA
Gary
Audio Fidelity

JBL

James B Lansing Sound Inc /High fidelity loudspeakers from $129 to $2 700/3249 Casitas Avenue Los Angeles 90039

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

HERE WE GO AGAIN

The Montreal Olympic Committee already has received more than 20,000 requests for tickets to the 1976 Games, but the director of spectator services, Maurice Forget, says they are all in vain. "We don't even have a seating plan for the main stadium," he says, "and we won't have one until sometime in the first quarter of 1974." Lest someone think Montreal is being terribly casual about this, Forget adds, "Traditionally, Olympic tickets have not been available until about a year before the Games."

When things are ready, an agency in each of the Olympic nations will be assigned to handle not only ticket sales but housing needs. This is the way Munich did it, and in some areas, notably Britain and the U.S., it created a rather loud stink. It may be the efficient way to deal with the situation in most countries, but in the major tourist powers it could lead to problems like those in 1972, when tickets and rooms for Munich seemed nonexistent for the casual fan without travel-agency ties.

Prices have not been established yet, but officials say it is hoped that "a lot of seats" will be in the $3 and $4 range. But for which sports?

GO WEST

The Chicago Cubs' annual summer swoon has inspired a disgruntled fan to suggest that the team move to the Philippines, where it could be called the Manila Folders.

SPORTSMEN

The response of some gun enthusiasts to any effort to establish gun controls reached ridiculous heights in the campaign against, of all people, the Young Women's Christian Association. The YWCA's sin was in coming out for federal gun-control legislation, which does seem rather outside its normal sphere of activity. But if the YWCA's action appeared to be uncalled for, take a look at the other side. Overreacting, such groups as the National Rifle Association, the National Association of Sportsmen, the Northeastern State Council of Sportsmen and various conservation clubs all decided to boycott—what? The YWCA? No. They elected to boycott the United Fund, which includes the YWCA among the organizations to which it distributes financial assistance.

Why? A member of one sportsmen's association explained, "Every month some group of little old ladies in tennis shoes passes a resolution opposing the use of guns. Most we can't do a darn thing about. Here comes one we can do something about."

William Loeb, publisher of the Manchester (N.H.) *Union Leader*, was in the middle of the pack. Loeb bayed in a front-page editorial: "There have been rumors that the YWCA has been penetrated by certain radical, left-wing forces. Certainly, this stand on gun control, which is quite in line with Communist and Socialist viewpoints, indicates that this rumor may have some validity."

After this remarkable echo of Senator Joe McCarthy's casual methods of indictment, Loeb threatened to withdraw his paper's support of the United Fund, thus by extension also withdrawing support from hospitals, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, the Red Cross and others tarnished by association with the YWCA.

The YWCA's executive director, Edith Lerrigo, complained that the tactic of threatening withdrawal of contributions to community funds was "coercive and smacks of intimidation." And she's right. Shame on you, gentlemen.

BEST AND WORST OF ARNIE

Arnold Palmer grew up about a shanked wedge from his father Deacon's golf shop at the Latrobe (Pa.) Country Club, and now the former caddie with the bullish swing owns the place. Perhaps to give his members something to shoot for, Club President Palmer has figured out his best and worst "ringer" scores for the hundreds of rounds he has played over the 6,374-yard par-72 course during the last 30 years. A ringer score is the best or the worst a player has ever had on a given hole.

Palmer's collective best at Latrobe is a neat little 27-under-par 45 with nine birdies and nine eagles (one a hole in one). The eagles include 2s on par-4 holes of 335, 330 and 341 yards. His worst scores he took from only the past 20 years—since he was National Amateur Champion. They add up to a rather humbling 103, with seven bogeys, nine double bogeys and two triple bogeys.

Somewhere in between, Palmer also set the course record, 30-30–60.

BLUNT AND TO THE POINT

Dull spikes on track shoes are better than sharp spikes, according to Bill Thomson, an assistant coach of a U.S. team that toured Europe this summer. That is, dull spikes are better on the all-weather sur-



faces that most tracks are made of nowadays. Sharp spikes penetrate more easily and give superb traction, but because they penetrate they must be extracted, which requires a certain amount of extra effort. Blunt spikes do not penetrate the surface but compress it. They sink in far enough to give traction, but as the runner's weight moves forward the compressed surface is pushing the spikes up and away. The resulting rebound helps to quicken and lengthen a runner's stride.

Thomson says that the stride of Steve Williams, currently the best sprinter in

continued

Little camera. Big features.



It's the pick of the Pockets.

It's the Kodak pocket Instamatic 60 camera. Packed with deluxe features.

Take the superb *f*/2.7 Ektar lens and the automatic exposure control, for example. They work together to give you brilliant pictures under a wide variety of lighting conditions.

And you get sharp color snapshots, 3½ x 4½ inches. Or sharp Pocket color slides that are about one inch square.

See this little camera with all the big features at your photo dealer's. It's less than $138.

Price subject to change without notice

Kodak pocket Instamatic® 60 camera.

the world, increased by five inches when he wore blunt spikes. But they are not an advantage in all events. When Rod Milburn, world-record holder in the 110-meter hurdles, used them in the AAU championships his stride lengthened so dramatically that he lost his finely tuned rhythm between hurdles, hit several of them and finished a blunted fifth.

A STEP CLOSER

Although merger of the ABA and NBA is still at least a season away, ABA Commissioner Robert Carlson's revelation that a federal court has given the two leagues authorization to come together without congressional approval is a signal step forward. Still blocking the way is acceptance by the players, who stopped the original merger plan by obtaining an injunction against it. The leagues' effort to negate the injunction by obtaining congressional sanction for unification foundered in hearings before a Senate subcommittee run by Senator Sam Ervin (before he became busy with another committee). The court order neatly gets the two leagues around both the injunction and congressional delay.

But not around the players. The court said the players must be represented at talks on rights and contracts and that any agreement must be approved by the court. "As long as player rights are protected, we're not against the merger," says Peter Gruenberger, NBA Players Association counsel.

What that means is the reserve clause, which the players want abolished. The ABA, eager for peace, is willing to drop the clause if that will bring about an end to the war with the NBA. But the richer, more secure NBA remains cool to the idea, and—at least for the moment—to the merger, too.

KEEP TRYING

Memphis has hopes—admittedly slim—of landing an expansion franchise in the National Football League. Sometimes the hopes get in the way of reality. Faced with the probability of an embarrassingly small gate in Memphis for an exhibition game between the Baltimore Colts and the Detroit Lions, a member of the Shelby County Court called a special meeting at which he proposed that $30,000 in county tax money be used to buy tickets to hype the gate. He suggested that the city of Memphis match the sum. The tickets thus purchased could be distributed

continued

among underprivileged youths, there would be a nice crowd and the pro people would not be too disappointed.

"It's a lot of nonsense," said a fellow member of the Court. "The NFL people aren't a bunch of fools." A third said the plan would "just draw attention to the fact that the public has not supported the game." Abashed, the man who had called the meeting joined in voting to table the idea and forget it.

Local people thought he might have been inspired by certain members of the Tennessee state legislature, who last winter proposed that state funds be provided for the legislators to go to St. Louis to see Memphis State play UCLA in the NCAA basketball finals. They, too, backed down amid guffaws.

STRONG MORAL FIBER

Nobody is actually saying that things are exciting at Purdue University, but the Midwestern school's 1973 football brochure describes the "Boilermaker Special," a truck-train that has gone, among other places, to the Rose Bowl, as "a mascot which symbolizes invincibility, immorality and ingenuity."

GOLD ORR

Bobby Orr is hockey's best player but not its highest paid. The reason: he signed a five-year $1 million contract two years ago, before the all-out bidding war between the National Hockey League and the World Hockey Association sent salaries sky high. Now Orr's representative, Alan Eagleson, who is also the legal representative of the NHL Players Association, is trying to renegotiate the final three years of Orr's contract. The Boston Bruin management has no objection: it wants Orr, and it wants him happy.

Not that Orr is discontent. "I've always been happy in Boston," he says. "The Bruins have treated me well. However, Al transacts all my business for me."

Eagleson began the business by telling a Toronto columnist he intended to write to each WHA club stating that Orr would become a free agent on Sept. 30, 1976 and asking if they would be interested in acquiring his services after that date. "It's merely an exploratory measure," Eagleson says. "Bobby has never expressed a desire to play anywhere but in Boston, and he's perfectly happy with the contract he has. At the same time, some of those WHA teams could come up with

continued

The best-selling menthol has 17 mg. 'tar.' Iceberg has only 10.



Iceberg 10

Icy menthol flavor and only 10 mg. 'tar'

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ICEBERG 10 'tar' 9 mg —nicotine 0.6 mg
Best selling menthol 'tar' 17 mg —nicotine 1.4 mg
Of all brands lowest 'tar' 1 mg —nicotine, 0.1 mg
Av. Per Cigarette, FTC Report Feb '73.

9 mg "tar" 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette FTC Report Feb '73



Hitachi's portable color TV.
Gives you more time with your wife.

Now your wife can't complain about your staying in all weekend to watch the game on TV

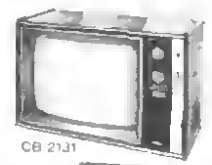
With Hitachi's 100% solid state CU-100 you can take the game with you Because this 9-inch* color set isn't much bigger than a 9-inch black and white set

All you do is plug it into the cigarette lighter of your boat, car, trailer or camper. Of course you can use it indoors on AC too

The CU-100 is equipped with a glare reducing detachable filter screen Which works like a pair of sunglasses Only the set wears them, not you

Otherwise it has features you may expect only in an indoor set Like instant sound and picture Noise eliminator circuits And memory fine tuning so you can switch channels without resetting the picture

If sports is one thing you can't get enough of—see your Hitachi dealer In addition to the CU-100, he'll show you Hitachi's solid state color line in 9, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21 inch* sizes Many have exclusive APS-Plus, an ingenious new feature which automatically corrects the color level so you don't have to fiddle with color controls every time a program comes on


CB 2131


CA 520

For more information write **Dept. SI-8, Hitachi Sales Corporation of America, 48-50 34th Street, Long Island City, New York 11101.** *Measured diagonally TV picture is muted

Quality always comes first at
HITACHI

WARRANTY One year carry-in labor two years on picture tube and parts excluding accessories Five years on transistors

a proposition that has never even occurred to us. After all, if Bobby Hull is worth $250,000 a year to any hockey team, we think Orr is worth at least twice that much. At least, I think he is. Bobby doesn't seem to attach as much importance to himself as I do. You give me Bobby Orr and 16 bodies and I'll make any franchise a success

"And we have to think what a merger between the leagues would do to a player's bargaining power. The money paid to pro football players just before the merger of the NFL and AFL was far greater than that offered today."

SPECIAL CASE

The supposedly indestructible Dick Butkus has complained about training-camp scrimmaging, which is understandable for a man of 30 with eight seasons of pro football behind him, but he also says he wants to get off the specialty teams.

Butkus? Still on specialty teams? Yes, sir. "I'm going into my ninth year and I'm still on specialty teams," he said the other day. "You don't see that on other clubs I wouldn't mind if they didn't have anybody else, but they're always saying the way for a rookie to make the club is to do well on the special teams. But they don't get the chance. I'm out there and guys in their second and third year who have no other way to get into the game are sitting on the bench."

THEY SAID IT

- Steve Patterson, Cleveland Cavalier reserve forward: "Just think, in 20 years I'll be the answer to the sports trivia question, 'Who played center for UCLA between the careers of Lew Alcindor and Bill Walton?' "
- Duffy Daugherty, ex-Michigan State coach and ABC color commentator "All those college football coaches who hold dressing-room prayers before a game should be forced to attend church once a week."
- Si Burick, Dayton *Daily News* columnist, on Secretariat "He is everything that I am not. He is young; he is beautiful, he has lots of hair; he is fast, he is durable, he has a large bank account, and his entire sex life is before him."
- Jim Parker, former Baltimore Colt guard, on pass protection "The last game I played with John Unitas he passed 47 times. We all knew the rules. If we kept the other guys away from John, we all ate well."

END



THIS MAY BE THE LAST TIRE YOU'LL EVER BUY FOR YOUR CAR.

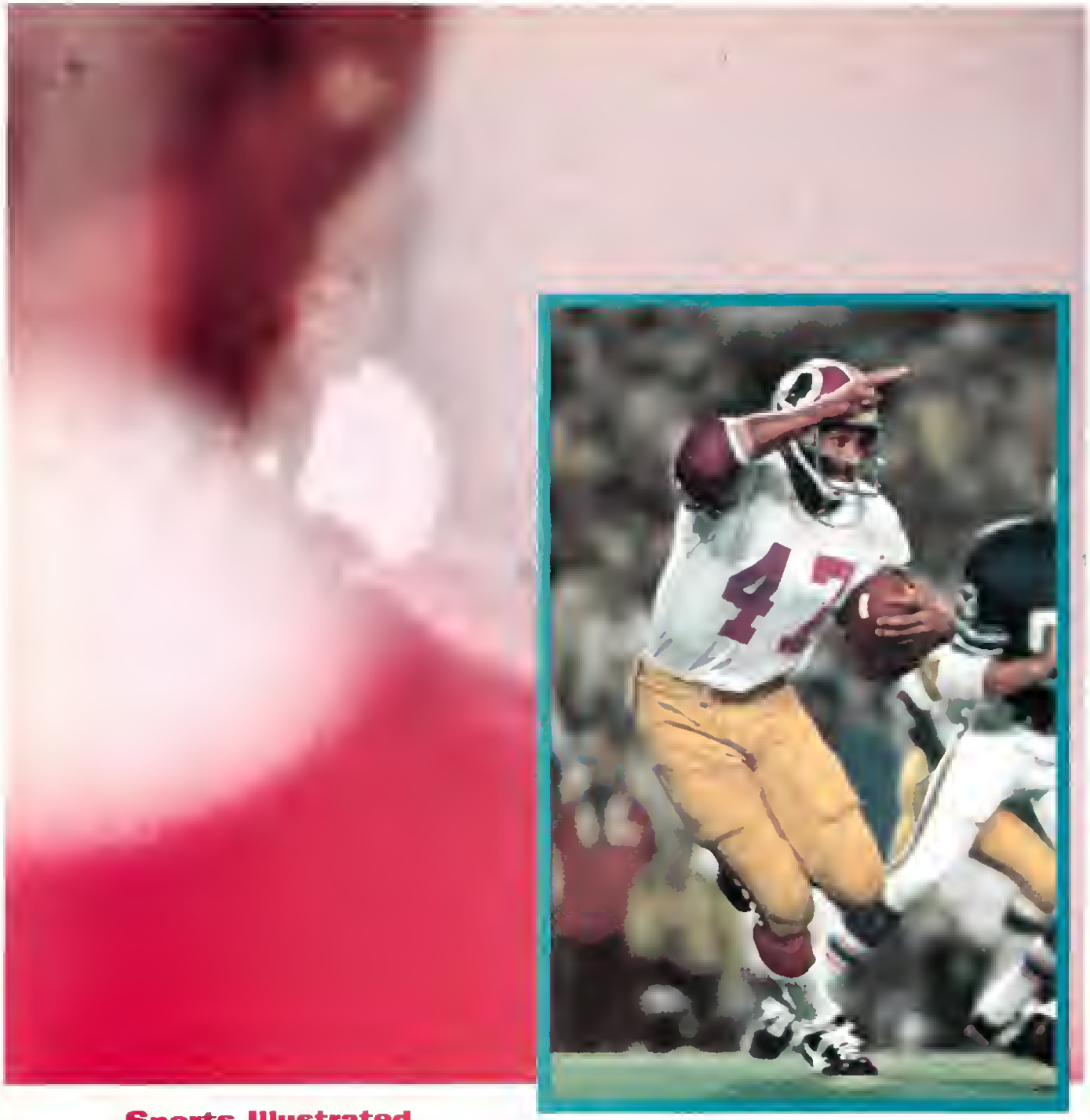
Chances are you'll trade in your car before your Firestone Steel Radial 500's wear out. Why? Two belts of brass plated steel cord under the tread help protect you and the tire against curbs, rocks and roadjunk. It's a 40,000 mile radial, which means 3 to 4 years of average driving. And with the lower rolling resistance of a radial, it needs less energy from your car. With a computer designed, quiet running tread. And better handling and steering than any conventional tire we have on the road today. Choose from six ways to charge them at most Firestone Dealers and Stores.



Let Firestone put the 40,000 mile Steel Radial 500 between you and tire trouble.

Firestone

The people tire people



Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 27, 1973

STARING AND STARRING

Whether glowering in practice or glowing in action, Duane Thomas seems to have found his true calling as a Washington Redskin **by RON REID**

It may come as an embarrassment to the rest of the National Football League and as ridicule to the legion of doubting Thomases, but Duane Thomas will play for the Washington Redskins this season.

Thomas, you will recall, is a running back of exceptional gifts, not the least of which is an almost perfect reticence. He was traded to San Diego last season from Dallas, which he had led to the 1972 Super Bowl and victory therein over the Miami Dolphins. At the same time he



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

lost Coach Tom Landry, many of his teammates and most NFL fans with his protracted silences and other specimens of antisocial behavior. At San Diego he not only wasn't heard, he wasn't seen; he suited up for only one game, but didn't play.

Thomas came to the Redskins last month in a trade in which Coach George Allen, whose affinity for the wretched refuse of the NFL shores is renowned, gave the Chargers two of the draft choices he still owned in this decade—his No. 1 pick for 1975 and his No. 2 for 1976. Ever since Thomas arrived at the Skins' training camp in Carlisle, Pa., Allen has shielded him from fans, reporters, photographers and any other offensive distractions. So far Allen's solicitousness has paid off.

Last Friday night against the Buffalo Bills, who had the temerity to invite the Redskins to the opening of their brand-new stadium, Thomas ran for 70 yards on 16 carries, scored one touchdown and caught three passes for 42 yards—all in a half night's work. More important, he rushed with the deceptive, long loping stride that had been his trademark as a Cowboy. He changed speeds, broke tackles, blocked well and used his blockers efficiently. The performance earned Thomas a game ball and gave further hope to Washington fans who have been anticipating with relish the ground attack the team will launch if Thomas occupies the same backfield as Larry Brown, who didn't play in Buffalo but was the NFC rushing leader last season.

continued

Sad to relate, Thomas' nifty work appealed to the baser instincts of some of the sellout crowd of 80,020. Frustrated by the Bills' ineptness, which was evident from the very first play—the Skins' Herb Mul-Key returned the opening kickoff 102 yards for a touchdown—and with O. J. Simpson sidelined by a cracked rib, the fans had little to cheer about. So they resorted to the hooliganism that used to mark games at War Memorial Stadium, a dilapidated edifice that still holds the NFL record for pigeon guano and sideline muggings. Near the end of the game, which the Redskins won 37–21, Thomas went after one abusive lout. "He got one leg over a six-foot-high concrete wall," said teammate Ron McDole, "but we got him down." "A few people threw things at him and called him obscene names," said Allen. "Let's face it, you or I wouldn't have stood for it." On his way to the locker room, Thomas was again bombarded with obscenities and garbage. The fans were suitably rewarded by the worst traffic jam in Buffalo history, seemingly hexed on them by Thomas' hate-filled gaze.

If the kind of revilement Thomas got doesn't give Allen new cause for grinding his teeth, the prospect of his being cornered by the press does, for the worry persists that Duane will freak out for the slightest reason.

"When the time comes," Allen says, "when he's had more success, when he's ingrained into the Redskins' family, then he'll be open to the media. He's had a lot of bad publicity. He's been misrepresented and he probably views the press as people he can't trust. I don't blame him. The main thing is for him to succeed. I'm just hoping we can have Duane through the whole season. He's a very sensitive person who wants to be left alone. I respect that, and the type of team we have, a mature team, understands. I don't know what's in his mind, I just know he isn't ready for that yet. Something might make him withdraw. A lot of guys are more interested in getting a story than they are in seeing someone saved."

For the salvation of Duane Thomas, Allen has thus discouraged all interviews. This policy may be academic, since Thomas hasn't shown an inclination to hold press conferences, but to those attempting to cover the Redskins it is another indication of Allen's unreasonableness. In contrast to many other NFL camps, the locker room, players' rooms and practice fields, apart from the running track, are off-limits to reporters. Allen also has a rule against the working press sitting on his treasured running track during practice, presumably because he does not regard it as seemly for some to sit while others toil.

Whether such restrictions have helped or not, Thomas has been the hardest-working Redskin. Preparing for the Buffalo exhibition, Allen sent his team through 2½-hour workouts on Tuesday and Wednesday, then watched Thomas spend an extra 30 minutes on his own conditioning and warm-down drills. Like the eagerest rookie, Thomas has volunteered to play on the special teams and he has also gone out in the mornings to run himself back into condition, much to the delight of Charlie Waller, who coaches the offensive backs.

"He's been giving himself two-a-days," Waller marvels. "I got out here the other morning and he was sweating like a horse. I was quoted as saying, 'You don't just park a brand-new Cadillac in the garage for a year and expect it to start right up again a year later,' but he's making great progress. He's an ideal guy to work with. He's a hard worker who's putting everything into it. You know all the things you've heard about this guy. It's all been negative. People said it would be impossible, and that only sharpened the challenge but, frankly, I haven't done anything. He's done it all himself."

Waller attributes Thomas' success to Allen's respect for the individuality of his players, so long as they adhere to team rules. Thus Thomas, a loner and vegetarian, rooms by himself and concocts his own training-table diet from the salad and fruit trays. (Actually, a number of Redskins live alone, some because they snore. "We have a singular togetherness," says a team spokesman.) By the same token Thomas was fined like any other player for missing breakfast. He didn't realize that the Redskins are obliged to show up for breakfast whether they want to eat it or not.

"This is the perfect place and time for him," says Waller. "If he's ever going to make it anywhere, it's just got to be here. The way his mind was, he probably wouldn't have played for anyone a year ago. This year he probably would have given it a good shot wherever he went, but no place would have been as conducive as here."

"People say you have to treat everyone alike," Allen says, "but that's not necessarily true. You don't treat Diron Talbert the same as you'd treat Verlon Biggs. You don't treat Jerry Smith the same as Roy Jefferson. Everyone is an individual. If a guy has ability, I'm willing to tackle his problem. That's the coach I've tried to be, not a guy who would turn his team into a bunch of trained seals or something."



Peppy Redskin Coach Allen prohibits the press from sitting down during workouts.

Thomas has been observed smiling and even chuckling at his teammates in practice, which may come as a shock to the nation, but whether he has found happiness as a Redskin is still questionable, because of "the stare." Thomas utilizes a laser-like look of pure malevolence toward those Washington writers who have the gall to try to chat with him. He can also turn off a teammate's conversation by the same device if the mood suits him.

"He can sometimes act like he didn't hear you," says Charley Taylor, the All-Pro wide receiver. "Or he'll give you that stare of his. He got that from his father. His father could go around the house for two weeks and not say anything. But he's friendly. He even went out and got some sandwiches for the linemen one time. I think he relates to the talent on Dallas quite a bit. We don't have people comparable to Rayfield Wright as blockers and this upsets him a little. He has to get used to the personnel we do have. I know one thing for sure and that is that he definitely wants to be a Washington Redskin and he's working hard to be one

"Duane is a very religious person. He's not a God-squadder, but in his way he is religious. I think Duane realizes that he has a God-given talent and he can't let it go to waste. You can tell."

"He's not an easy guy to confront, with that stare of his," says Guard John Wilbur, like Thomas a disenchanted ex-Cowboy, reinforcing Taylor's opinion. "He's a powerful personality. He's got the power of his philosophical convictions and he's got a great football mind. You know, he tapes Charlie Waller at meetings. I think he's got a lot of Dallas left in him. Down there, you're brainwashed to believe you're superior to everyone else in the league. I was the same way for about a year after I left there. They make you believe that theirs is the best system there is, and with the personnel they have you've just got to be better than all the rest."

Either as a reaction to his disenchantment with Dallas (which began when he and the Cowboys couldn't come to terms on the renegotiation of his three-year contract, after an outstanding rookie year) or out of gratitude to Allen, Thomas is pushing hard to be better than the rest. After three exhibition games in which he has played three halves he leads the team in rushing and pass receiving and has scored two touchdowns. He has carried the ball 39 times for 166 yards and has caught nine passes for 89 yards.

But "the rest" may be a problem. "George Allen has built his whole program on togetherness," says a rival NFL coach. "If he's not getting it because of one guy, that can hurt his program. And for every down that Duane's running the ball, Larry Brown isn't. You can say it isn't a problem, but over the long haul it is."

Allen refuses to speculate on how he plans to use his two premier ballcarriers. "The worst thing I could say," he says, "is that three weeks from now I'm going to have Duane and Larry in the same backfield. We haven't advanced that far. Larry Brown is still No. 1. The only thing I count on is today. Your only future is the one you have now."

The conjecture that Allen will use both backs at the same time also ignores Charley Harraway, the Redskins' unsung fullback who is one of the finest blockers in the league and who teamed up with Thomas in Buffalo. Alternating Thomas and Brown, as Don Shula does with Jim Kiick and Mercury Morris, might be the best idea, both for the backs and the Redskins.

"Larry's taken a tremendous pounding every season," Allen says, giving credence to this prospect. "There's no one in all of football with more courage than Larry Brown. We now have the possibility of keeping him fresh and our offense at top efficiency through the entire season. That would lengthen Larry's career three or four years.

"One of my players [George Burman] told me it was inevitable that Duane Thomas would end up as a Redskin," Allen adds. "Every day that he has success, his chances to succeed become greater."

"Every day he's with us," says Waller, "he's becoming more one of us. It's like drawing interest at the bank."

As for the man himself, in a happier mood on his way to the Buffalo stadium than the one he would be in leaving it seven hours later, he answered questions with smiles and long pauses, giving the impression he was putting you on.

What does he think of George Allen?

"He's O.K."

How does he view his play thus far?

"I'm progressing," Thomas said, "but I'll wait until the end of the exhibition season, then I'll rate myself. There's too many things I'm trying to work on all at the same time right now."

Volunteering for the special teams? The extra work in practice?

"That's football. That's what you have to do."

The press?

"I don't get paid to talk to the press. There's too many other things I'm trying to do. While the people in Dallas were reading about individual players, there was a *team* going to the Super Bowl—and winning it."

That kind of a story, Allen hopes, Thomas will help write for him in Washington. **END**





Showing new attitude, Thomas breaks up before Buffalo game, but he reverts to form by choosing not to face the flag during national anthem.



THE FLIGHT THAT FAILED

by MARK KRAM



'Yankee Zephyr' left at sunup and Bob Sparks was finally free of his critics who forgot that, win or lose, he was another last American hero

He is a curious man, somehow not quite right for what has to be done. He looks too frail, he is too glib and his obsession seems too studied, too laced with patter. His name does not help, either. It lacks the timbre and strength, the great promise that resonates from the sound of Thor Heyerdahl or Sir Francis Chichester. His name is Bob Sparks, and it is hard to look at him through the damp, melancholy mist of this Maine dawn two weeks ago and relate him as the central figure to one of the last exquisitely human adventures left to drip-dried man: to become the first man in history to cross the Atlantic in a balloon.

The attempt—the fourth in the last 15 years—is of no national interest, it seems. Here and there a few paragraphs have moved over the wire services but mainly the country is blind to this very human act, if not downright contemptuous. Has the nation become immune to adventure, one wonders, to the single act of grandness that separates us from the walking dead? Have our spirits become so numbed that we no longer even want to consider anything beyond the commonplace or believe anything beyond the corrupt? Sparks has listened fool, charlatan, exhibitionist; he has been called all the names that have been used for centuries by the smug.

The inflation process has begun on an airstrip in Bar Harbor, and it will be finished soon, just as the first light of day comes. But for now the area is lit by great floodlights that struggle against a heavy mist. It is an odd sight, this balloon being given life. It is as if one has come upon a mastodon slowly regaining its senses after a long sleep, becoming terrifying and beautiful with each rush of helium. "The proportion of the size of the balloon and the pilot is just about right," says Sparks. "Nobody can ever be big enough for a balloon."

He considers the *Yankee Zephyr*, being prepared now. "There's never been a balloon like it," says Sparks. In a couple of hours, after it has been glutted with 73,000 cubic feet of helium, *Yankee Zephyr* will be nine stories high and 52 feet in diameter. Its colors are red, white and blue and they express Sparks' patriotic bent. The balloon itself has cost roughly $18,000. Most of the vast amount of sophisticated equipment in its $20,000 gondola, which is 14 by 7 by 3 feet, has been donated by firms speculating on publicity. Nothing has been left to chance, and never has a more professional attack been mounted on the Atlantic.

Sparks has come early to the staging area, this last step in a long, hellish pursuit, unencumbered by the slightest doubt. He is supremely confident that a balloon can be taken across the Atlantic. He hopes to land in northern France, but will consider any spot in Europe to be a pinpoint landing and he feels certain the U.S. will respond to the achievement, even though he knows many people are mocking him now. This country, he says, needs a release from the nerve storms that blow across its daily life, a distraction from its broken illusions.

It is hard to bring definition to Sparks, yet the impulse to catalog him is difficult to resist. It is a common and alarming failing among people to put others where they are easy to reach. Nobody wants to know anyone or feel anything except what shimmers on the surface. Maybe that is the only way it can be in our society, and if Bob Sparks is not an authority on the subject, he is conscious of being slotted more than most. "Let people think what they want," he says, wrestling with the difficult equation of who he is. "I know who I am."

The first thing about him, the combination of what his way of life is and what he is preparing to do, defies the credulity of most people, and the reaction is immediate. A stand-up comic in the Poconos? You mean he's going to take a balloon across the Atlantic? The distrust cannot be extinguished. The whole thing reeks of commercialism, the sly angle. He is simply not a serious man; whatever happened to all those lone wolves like Lindbergh? The problem does not envelop Sparks: he knows the only solution to it is to make it across the Atlantic.

At first, one can understand the skepticism that follows Sparks. There is a plastic quality to his responses, a rehearsed staccato of carny dazzle with bits of calculated substance thrown in. Always he is out in front with his finely honed facade grown sturdy from years of banging away at tough crowds, from the degradation of some of those years as a *tumbler* on the circuit when he had

continued

to have the right smile, the right word and had to listen to calls come to his room at five o'clock in the morning like this: "It's raining outside. What are we going to do today?"

Even below the facade, though, there are parts in him that belong to the Southern evangelist or the flimflam man careening through life on his pluck and spiel. "That is sort of right," he says, "but I'd never rob from the poor. I never grew up rich. I grew up swinging high and wide." The swing began in Virginia, and it has taken him into many corners. He started to be a jockey and then became too big. He has sold books from door to door, sold eggbeaters in a dime store and sold himself to anyone who would listen. He has looked for gold in New Mexico and found some, lived in the woods by himself for weeks, worked on a dude ranch and ended up as a bank teller before going into show business. "I know how to take care of me," he says.

Slowly, as the days pass, as the caprice of the weather becomes almost unbearable, another side of Sparks takes shape, the side that is one with the adventure just hours off. Every day for three weeks he waits by the phone for a weather report. It is the right time of the year for a balloon crossing, but the weather will not line up properly. He seems to draw into himself with each bad prognosis; with each report an edginess seems to surround the project. One newspaper, prickly from the delays, refers to him as a replica of Clifford Irving.

He speaks with more emotion now and there is less measurement to his words. His rural face seems older than his age of 37. His hair is long, the antithesis to one set of his beliefs that rest heavily on God, country and flag. "I'll tell you," he says. "Any man can face a crisis, but it's the everyday living that can make an old man out of you. Life the way it is now has sapped the strength from people." All the while there is a softness to his voice, then a lostness as he talks of when he lived as a country boy where there were caves to be dug, tree houses in which to vanish and fish to catch.

It is difficult to define what is the lure of an adventure for someone. Few can express why it is that they must try the extraordinary, reach out for a moment beyond the comprehension of others. Adventure for its own sake seems enough, but often men are drawn to it and motivated by a myriad of things: physical hardship, danger; physical pleasure; companionship and solitude and escape; conquest, or maybe only the mystery of it all. Fortune, of course, usually lurks in the background, but it is rarely the primary force. "I'm not looking for money out of this," says Sparks, "but I'm not going to turn any down if it comes my way."



Awake to the hazards of his voyage, Bob Sparks was sleeping when the lightning hit.

Sparks remembers the first time he saw a balloon several years back. "I was leading the parade of a band through a county fair audience," he says, "and I looked up and there it was." The man in the balloon looked down with absolute derision, or at least so Sparks thinks, and the insignificance that he felt engulfed Sparks for days. "The whole thing for me," he says, "was the total freedom of it all where people can't get at you, one dreamlike move from boredom. Well, I can't do anything halfway. I gave ballooning everything I had. And it was just what I needed."

Sparks speaks of ballooning with the enthusiasm of an amateur, but he has had over 500 ascensions and holds the world hot-air balloon duration record of 11 hours and 14 minutes. The trip across the Atlantic has consumed his being for the last three years and the route to this airstrip way up in Maine has been circuitous and painful and monetarily debilitating. He sat in offices for days, waiting for money promised to his project, and finally left with only the sound of the bankers' shuffle in his ears. He combed libraries for research material, drove 1,800 miles to the Bureau of Mines in Amarillo for a day and a half of study into gases and the effect sun has on them.

Finally, he put it all together. He was certain that the Atlantic could be crossed in a balloon. There was sound basis for it meteorologically. Hard, detailed preparation was what it would take, along with a break in the weather, and then the Atlantic—one of the great white whales in adventure—could be had. He knew the risks and what had happened to those who have tried since 1958. A balloon called *The Small World*, crewed by four Britons and in flight from the Canary Islands to the West Indies, went down in a

storm. All were rescued. In August of 1968 two Canadian balloonists took off from Halifax for Europe, they were becalmed off Nova Scotia, and both were rescued. And then there was *The Free Life*, which left Long Island in September of 1970. The crew was Pam and Rod Anderson, wife and husband, she an aspiring actress and he a son-in-law from a modest background trying to prove his mettle to a wealthy father-in-law; and the pilot from England, Malcolm Brighton, who was heavily in debt and saw the trip as an exit. Brighton was the only one with experience. Less than a day and a half after takeoff a message was received saying that they were southeast of Newfoundland and "falling fast into the sea." No trace of the three or the balloon was ever found.

The probable technical causes of *The Free Life's* end seem innumerable, but the lack of professionalism and misguided motives were the major flaws. None of this seems to be evident in Sparks' campaign, but there is an undercurrent of bad feeling. His crew chief, who watches every detail concerning the balloon, is a man named Haddon Wood. A partner with Sparks in the conception of this trip, Wood becomes increasingly broken up by the fact that he will not be going as the reality of it nears. "I'm supposed to be on that balloon today," he says, and right up to the last moment he will consider tying himself to the tether and then climbing into the gondola with Sparks as it takes off; he has his bag and passport with him. Wood blames his rejection on what he calls "The Money." He says The Money wants this to be a solo flight; that way it is more dramatic on the market.

The Money is no enigma. Perhaps he is a disappointment because one expected to find him trying to prove a promotional point with Sparks and his balloon. But The Money looks at this flight purely for its market value. When asked why he is behind this trip, The Money says he wants to "buy a part of history." He says he feels like Queen Isabella. Most of the time he stays busy by looking out for anyone who may try to intrude on the commercial designs he has for himself and Sparks; even writers are questioned about their motives. "I mean," The Money says, "if you're going to turn this into a book, we want a piece of it." His last and most crass stroke is when he suggests loading the gondola up with brand name products for the journey, a supermarket in the sky, so to speak. The Money is resisted.

It has taken three hours to fill the balloon with the necessary helium, and now as light comes the *Yankee Zephyr* stands high and firm, far above any brazen indignities that have been and may be visited upon it, suddenly a force that diminishes all and anything below. There is not much else to do. There is a final check of all the balloon's systems. The crowd of about 1,000 moves closer to watch every move of Sparks, who is dressed in a red, white and blue jump suit and white boots. The women in the crowd wonder how he will feel being so alone, the men consider the danger of it all, and the kids are baffled as to how he will go to the bathroom. Sparks is ready now for the final step into a dream that began four years ago. Sparks kisses his two little girls, then embraces his mother, she with the Appalachian face and the resignation of a mother who has given up trying to understand.

It is all over in a moment. There is something inexpressibly sad about a balloon going off, a feeling of finality and a sense of things lost. Silently it glides up, and then it grows smaller. As it ghosts through the morning haze with its long tail it reminds one of a spider with a web flying in the wind, and there is a twinge of envy of a man who has found a way to be rid of the stamped-out hordes below with fallow imaginations and dehumanized souls. "When he clears land and sees that shoreline disappear," says one of his crew, "he will know that he is truly alone." A number of private planes follows Sparks and his balloon for a while and then leaves him moving northeast at 22 knots. He signs off, saying "It's a going balloon . . . blue skies."

The balloon would go for only 22 hours and 50 minutes and a distance of 800 miles. At 8:25 p.m. Sparks was sleeping over North Cape Breton Island. At 9:25 p.m. he was awakened by a sudden explosion of sound he thought was a jet fighter. Coming to his senses, he realized he was in the middle of a freak thunderstorm, which had abruptly and inexplicably formed around him. "It was just plain rotten luck," the weatherman said later. "The odds were 1,000 to 1." Sparks gave a May Day transmission at 10:05 p.m., and at 4:35 a.m. he finally splashed down 45 miles northeast of St. John's, Newfoundland in six- to eight-foot seas. He was picked up by the Canadian Coast Guard at noon.

"Well," Sparks said later to Clint Laird, one of his crew, "I'm sorry I let you down."

"Yeah, you really let me down. You just set a world record, man, flying in the eye of a storm for eight hours or something. That's not bad."

"Well, I'll tell you, there were a couple of times when I almost gave up. I couldn't go on. My energy was gone. I finally got so tired I couldn't lift a 25-pound bag of shot and throw it over. Also, I was cold. My wet suit saved me. Water was coming in three directions. There's not much left of the gondola."

"What about lightning?" Laird asked.

"Well, I thought I'd had it with that. When it sliced through, I just stood there, and it looked at me, and I looked at it and there were strange things, I'll tell you. My hair stood up."

"You mean the bolt was there for what seemed a long time?"

"Yeah, it was like everything slowed down. It just seemed to hold there, and I'll tell you what it looked like. You know the CBS eye. That's what it looked like. Then there was the funniest smell in the air. It was like electric, sort of magnetic. I could feel my hair and everything leaning toward it, sort of."

So Sparks survives—but not without abuse. He now must fend off the lances of critics within the balloon world, notable for its galaxy of rampant egos. The epithets are already cascading upon him from those who think for some odd reason that he has made "all balloonists look like a bunch of nuts." As for those people who are inclined to scoff at the futility, at the silliness of Sparks and his dream, they might look up these lines of the former pilot and writer Antoine de Saint-Exupery in *Wind, Sand and Stars*, written after listening to a conversation between two clerks on a bus.

"You have chosen," he wrote, "not to be perturbed by great problems, having trouble enough to forget your own fate as man. You are not the dweller upon an errant planet and do not ask yourself questions to which there are no answers. . . . Nobody grasped you by the shoulder while there was still time. Now the clay of which you were shaped has dried and hardened, and naught in you will ever awaken the sleeping musician, the poet, the astronomer that possibly inhabited you in the beginning." **END**



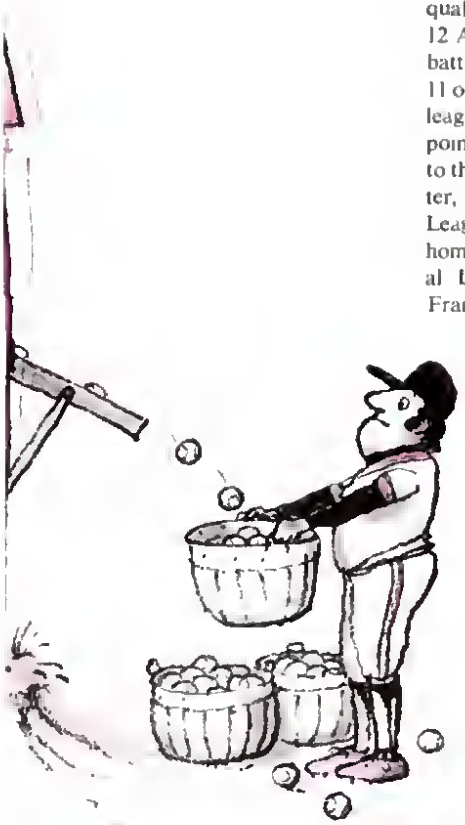
PINNING DOWN THE VOODOO BALL

by ***RON FIMRITE***

Big-league pitchers have nightmares about the baseball sewn in Haiti, but on that impoverished island it is a dream come true

It is a vision that appears to lonely, terrified men on the mound: Baron Samedi, a sepulchral figure in top hat and tails, dances crazily to the beat of native drums while a chorus of nymphets dressed in virginal white writhes around him. There are a motionless goat with candles burning at the tips of its horns and an entranced woman possessed by ancestral spirits. Off to the side a man sets his torso aflame and a token zombie or two sit in eerie silence.

Standing before the swirling, smoking scene, a priestess in a red bandanna mumbles an incantation over a boiling pot. The drums abruptly stop beating as she reaches inside the caldron and with-



draws a small, round, white object. She holds it aloft, waving it in hypnotic arcs in front of the crazed assemblage. There are shrieks as she stabs it savagely with pins and needles. Baron Samedi, howling, bounces off into the banana trees. The virgins swoon. The zombies are deader than ever. The burning man simmers. The priestess finishes her knitting, then tosses the stitched white thing against the wall of her hut. She fields it on the short hop and addresses the goat in a lilting Creole dialect. "Well, kid," she says, "that's baseball."

That, at any rate, is about the way the pitchers see it as they heft the new baseball sewn in Haiti, land of voodoo. After nearly a full season of dodging line drives they are prepared to attribute magical qualities to the dread "Haiti ball." All 12 American League teams have higher batting averages this year than last, and 11 of them have hit more home runs. The league average is up nearly 20 percentage points. Lest this climb be credited solely to the introduction of the designated hitter, the pitchers point to the National League, where averages, scoring and homers have also increased. Two National League teams—Montreal and San Francisco—are hitting 25 percentage points higher than last year.

The hitters fall back on old chants to explain their rejuvenation. Some are "seeing the ball better" and others are "getting good wood on it." The pitchers blame it on the ball, which they regard as another manifestation of the international conspiracy against them. They have already endured lowered mounds, narrowed strike zones, shortened fences and designated hitters. Now they must contend with exotic sorcery.

There is not much agreement among the bewitched on what specifically is wrong with the voodoo ball beyond the fact that it is obviously hexed.

"The seams seem high on the Haiti ball," says Brewer Chris Short.

"The Haiti balls have lower seams," says San Diego's Bill Greif.

"The old balls felt like suede," says Phillie Jim Lonborg. "The new ones feel like shoe leather. No softness."

"You can't get a good grip on the ball from Haiti," says Cincy's Clay Carroll. "It's smoother and lighter, and the seams aren't raised, so you have trouble throwing breaking pitches. I've noticed the way they jump off the bat. They really fly out of the park. They must be wrapped a lot tighter than the old ball."

"The Haiti ball is like a rock," says Cleveland Pitching Coach Warren Spahn.

"It feels strange in your hands," says Dodger Claude Osteen.

"It's easy to tell the difference," says Red Sox Coach Eddie Popowski. "It's right on the label—'Sewn in Haiti.'"

This inscription represents the only fundamental difference between the Haiti ball and its domestic predecessor, according to Paul Collins, president of the Spalding Sporting Goods Company, which has manufactured baseballs since 1876. "The words are required by Customs," he said wearily. "As soon as we put them on the ball everybody got spastic. It's funny what a label will do. The same ball is used by both leagues. Only the label is different. But we can't even convince some people of that. The specifications set up by both leagues haven't changed in 50 years. There never has been a 'live ball' era or any other era, but any time you put something different on the ball, people go crazy. Next year we're going to cowhide from horsehide. We've been experimenting with it for years, and there's no difference except that cowhide is cheaper and more available. But just wait until the pitchers hear about that."

National League President Chub Feeney would concur. When he assumed office three years ago he found that his signature on the ball created a lively missile known by pitchers as the dread "Feeney Ball."

Major league baseballs are still manufactured in Spalding's sprawling plant in Chicopee, Mass. They are merely stitched together in Haiti, and then only out of peculiar economic necessity. The work in Chicopee, including the preparation of the cork and rubber center, winding the woolen yarn, the fashioning of horsehide covers and the application of latex cement to the wound ball, is done principally by machine. In one of modern technology's most embarrassing oversights, no machine has ever been developed that can effectively and econom-

continued

ically stitch a baseball. This has always been the province of the seamstress, and competent baseball seamstresses are both expensive and scarce in this country.

"We can't find people willing to do that kind of work," says Collins. "Even if we could, it would cost us $3 an hour per stitcher here. In Haiti it costs us $3 a day. As it is, our baseball business is a losing operation, and without the Haiti deal I don't see how we could continue. I nearly have a stroke every time I see somebody hit a foul ball. To me that's money down the drain."

Actually it has been five years since a major league ball was stitched in the continental United States. Before Spalding reached an agreement with Haitian industrialist Harry Tippenhauer, the sewing was done in Puerto Rico. Rising labor costs there soon compelled a move elsewhere. For three years Tippenhauer's Precision Manufacturing Company stitched all Spalding balls except the major league model. By January of this year it was decided Tippenhauer had enough stitchers of big-league caliber to make the move out of the bushes. Now every ball purchased by the National and American leagues has been sewn in his Port-au-Prince plant.

For that matter, the cheerful Haitians are keeping most American baseball manufacturers in stitches. With 10 factories employing about 3,000 workers, they have almost sewn up the business. In a country with an unemployment rate of about 45%, stitching is a bona fide boon to the economy. The Haitian government, at least nominally presided over now by Jean Claude (Baby Doc) Duvalier, the rotund 22-year-old son of the late, largely unlamented Papa Doc, is assiduously wooing the baseball crowd even though the game is not played in the French-speaking country.

"*Bonjour, nous avons des visites,*" Rolf Tippenhauer calls out to the pretty black women seated at the long tables before the halls of yarn that may soon become home runs. Rolf, a tall, caramel-colored man of 34 with Harry Belafonte good looks, manages the Port-au-Prince plant for his father Harry. "*Bonjour,*" the women reply with apparent affection.

Outside, on a rutted rocky road, old women in tattered clothes cook over open fires. The baseball girls are neat and clean in fresh dark green skirts and light green blouses with the PM of Precision Manufacturing stitched on the pockets. They work with amazing speed, arms flailing outward like breaststrokers, sewing as many as 260,000 baseballs in a month. There is no air conditioning, but large overhead fans blow down on them as they sit in rectangles of sunlight created by slits in the tin roof. They seem content, even happy, with this monotonous work. The swiftest among them can earn $35 to $50 every two weeks, a handsome income by Haitian standards.

The 350 women sew in three rooms, each representing a different quality of ball. In the "Big League Room" the top 83 stitchers work with delicate precision preparing the balls that, according to complaining pitchers, are too perfect, too smooth, too well knit.

On the wall of the room a large blue and gold Spalding banner hangs alongside a portrait of Papa Doc, the "president for life" until his death two years ago at 64. Haiti seems a happier place with the old man gone. It is poor still, and troubled, but gayer without the hulking "Tontons Macoutes" bogeymen Papa Doc hired as secret policemen.

Although the game is played on either side of them in the Dominican Republic and Cuba, the Haitians do not know a baseball from a grapefruit. Rolf Tippenhauer, nevertheless, bounces one in his hands as he talks. It is his product, not a plaything. "The girls don't really know what they are making, only that it is something used in a game played in the United States," he says. "I have never seen any baseball except on television in Puerto Rico, where I worked for a time. Actually, I am only managing the plant to help my father out. I am an architect, educated at the University of Geneva and the National University of Mexico. But we are proud here of our baseballs. We check them all before shipping them back to Chicopee and they check them again there. Everything is done to specification. These people who complain. . ." And he fingers the seams himself, as if contemplating a hard slider. "It must be all in the head."

At 72 Harry Tippenhauer is as tall and erect as his son. He is a Haitian aristocrat of German descent, a man of prop-

continued

NEW BALL, SAME OLD BAD BOUNCES

Players have always complained about the quality of the baseball with which they earn their livings. Everything is still the same, except that their cacophony now surrounds balls sewn in Haiti. The major-leaguers are not grousing idly, their complaints are valid but not all have to do with how the baseballs are sewn.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED retained the Haller Testing Laboratories of Plainfield, N.J. to test 76 balls obtained from the supplies of major league clubs. Through a variety of tests, Haller technicians found that 19.7% of the balls were too heavy or too light to meet big-league standards. They also discovered a range of 11.8% between the liveliest and deadest balls. Other tests verified that some balls were lumpy, that some were slick, that some were anything but round and that some were decidedly larger or smaller than others.

As for the seams, they were extremely flat on some balls, while on others they provided the ridges that are invaluable to breaking-ball pitchers. In sum, these tests proved, just as similar ones in the past have, that the baseball—Haitian or otherwise—is an erratic product.

Major league specifications call for a maximum variance of 6.4% in rebound. The 11.8% variation found in this year's ball indicates that bounciness remains the most troublesome inconsistency. (SI's most recent previous tests in 1970 showed an even greater variance of 16.9%.) If the same force needed to hit the deadest of this year's balls 350 feet was applied to the liveliest, the latter baseball would travel 391 feet, a 41-foot variance that could easily mean the difference between a routine out and a home run.

Spalding officials insist they can manufacture a baseball that would be consistent in all aspects. Already they have abandoned rubber windings in making some golf balls and replaced them with a solid, synthetic core. Similar material could be used in making trouble-free baseballs which would be covered in vinyl.

There are two reasons such a project has not been initiated: the excessive start-up cost of the manufacturing process and the objections that would come from baseball purists. The cost and controversy might be worthwhile, since an entirely synthetic ball could ensure that games would be determined by the ability of the players not by the idiosyncrasies of the baseballs.

—HERMAN WEISKOPF



What makes it beautiful is where it goes.

Down at the showroom, conventional station wagons may seem more beautiful than a Travelall. Our showroom is the great outdoors. And out there, nothing is more beautiful than a Travelall. It's built to take you and your family almost anyplace you ever wanted to go. And its heavy-duty suspension system can help smooth out even the roughest terrain. There's even a 4-wheel drive option. The Travelall is also built to survive in the great outdoors. For instance, it has a truck-strength frame. And you can get it with heavy-duty engines, gears, and cooling systems. Inside, the Travelall has almost ten percent more room than the largest conventional station wagons. And you can order things like deep-pile carpeting, bucket seats, air conditioning, and an AM/FM radio. So see a Travelall at your International Truck dealer soon. And go for a nice long drive in our showroom.

International Travelall

WHAT MAKES IT BEAUTIFUL IS WHAT IT DOES.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

Salem refreshes naturally!

Natural Menthol Blend

(means naturally fresh taste)



Salem's unique blend features natural menthol, not the kind made in laboratories. Like our superb tobaccos, our menthol is naturally grown. You'll get a taste that's not harsh or hot—a taste as naturally cool and fresh as Springtime.

© 1973 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



King or Super King

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
SUPER KING: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.

erty, a manufacturer, a builder, an engineer, a college professor, a maker of baseballs.

"If Spalding sent us the materials we could make the entire ball, not just sew it," he said over a beer in the bar of the picturesque Grand Hotel Oloffson. He is black, but he looks Prussian, a black uhlan. "There is, as you can see, no shortage of labor here. Quite the contrary. But I suppose the major leagues want to maintain certain controls. Still, we work very closely with Spalding. They can terminate our contract with six months' notice."

That evening Harry escorted a group of visiting American sporting goods representatives to a "voodoo show" in the wooded outskirts of Port-au-Prince. The air was heavy from the afternoon rain and there was only the slightest breeze. But Tippenhauer, ever dignified, and his guests wore business suits. The drums could be heard as the car turned up the narrow road toward a clearing where the show would be staged. A tall woman passed, balancing a large basket on her head, and goats skittered along the side of the road. There was a scent in the air, a mustiness that hung over the trees.

The show was a dramatized—and highly stylized—reproduction of a voodoo ceremony, really not much like the secret rituals of the natives. It involved dozens of dancers and a goat. One by one women in white were carried from the stage, apparently entranced as a witch doctor, or "hougan," pranced about their prostrated forms swigging rum and spewing it into the night air. The goat stood by, candles burning from its horns, like a loyal but bored spaniel.

Then Baron Samedi appeared—the voodoo keeper of the grave, the black prince of darkness. He was a small, agile man in a ridiculously large top hat who called to mind early Ed Sullivan. Intended to be fearsome, he was merely comic. When he danced off into the night the crowd, mostly American tourists who paid $4 a head, moved solemnly toward the road. Harry Tippenhauer smiled a businessman's smile. "These are American sports people," he said, introducing his guests.

"That was a hell of a show," said one of the visitors. "Really good. Harry here is an old friend. Fine businessman. My company? Why, we make footballs."

That, as Baron Samedi himself might say, is a whole new ball game. **END**

Cosmo-lite.

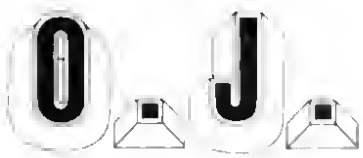
as easy on your feet as a stroll in space.



Cosmo-lite. At fine men's shoe and department stores
Or write. We'll tell you where. L B. Evans' Son Co., Wakefield, Ma. 01880.
All Evans shoes and slippers are made in the U.S.A.

Evans
CASUALS

WE'RE HAVING



FOR DESSERT.

Unconventional? Not at all, when it's O. J. Simpson, after-dinner-speaking at your convention.

Nothing helps wake up an audience like sports stars. And to help you do it we've got 2,000 of America's top sports people lined up in the Sports Illustrated Speakers Bureau.

Sign one up for a guest appearance at your next sales meeting or award dinner.

Contact Keith Morris, Director, SI Athletes Service Program and Speakers Bureau (212) 556-3338.

OLYMPIC VISIONS OF EIGHT

In a radical departure from traditional practice, the Olympic Games of 1972 were recorded on film not by one person but in separate segments by eight of the world's most accomplished film directors

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

David Wolper is perhaps the best-known producer of documentaries in this country. He has been responsible for more than 400 of them—the result of his most formidable gift, which is not so much film making as his ability to sell ideas to others. He is an unprepossessing figure (his subordinates refer to him as "The Green Olive," because they think he rather resembles one), but when he begins to outline a project his voice becomes as keen and excited as a child's, his vision absorbs him, he rises up and down on his toes and he seems to expand before one's eyes.

In 1971 the then 43-year-old producer came up with the notion of photographing the 1972 Olympic Games through the camera lenses of a number of famous movie directors, giving each free rein to shoot a 10- to 12-minute minifilm on whatever aspect of the Games intrigued them. Wolper would then have the segments collected and spliced together into a feature film. Furthermore, he reasoned, why not select the directors from different countries so that the completed offering would be a filmic Olympiad in itself?

Wolper called Willi Daume, the president of the XXth Olympics, and described his project. Daume was fascinated. A few of his committeemen were upset at the idea of the film being awarded to a non-German since it is customary that the parent country provide its own film maker for the official Olympic documentary. However, Daume continued to support Wolper's presentation, realizing that classic film reportage, however personal, would not differ enough from daily television coverage to compete for worldwide attention. There had to be another approach.

The resulting film, called *Visions of Eight*, coordinated by producer Stan Margulies, has already appeared at the Cannes Film Festival and is to be released this week in theaters across the country. The contributing directors are Milos Forman from Czechoslovakia, Kon Ichikawa from Japan, Claude Lelouch from France, Juri Ozerov from the Soviet Union, Arthur Penn from the U.S.A., John Schlesinger from England, Mai Zetterling from Sweden and Michael Pfleghar from Germany. Originally, there were 10 film makers, but Italy's Franco Zeffirelli (*Romeo and Juliet*) dropped out because of his objections to Rhodesia being expelled from the Games, and Ousman Sembene of Senegal, a self-taught novelist and film maker (*Mandabi*), got bogged down in his project, the fortunes of the Senegalese basketball team, and never completed his film. Federico Fellini, Italy's noted director (*La Dolce Vita*), was interested in the project at its conception and toyed with the idea of doing a segment on a small girl lost in the Olympic Village, reporting an afternoon of the Games as seen through her eyes, but other commitments kept him from Munich.

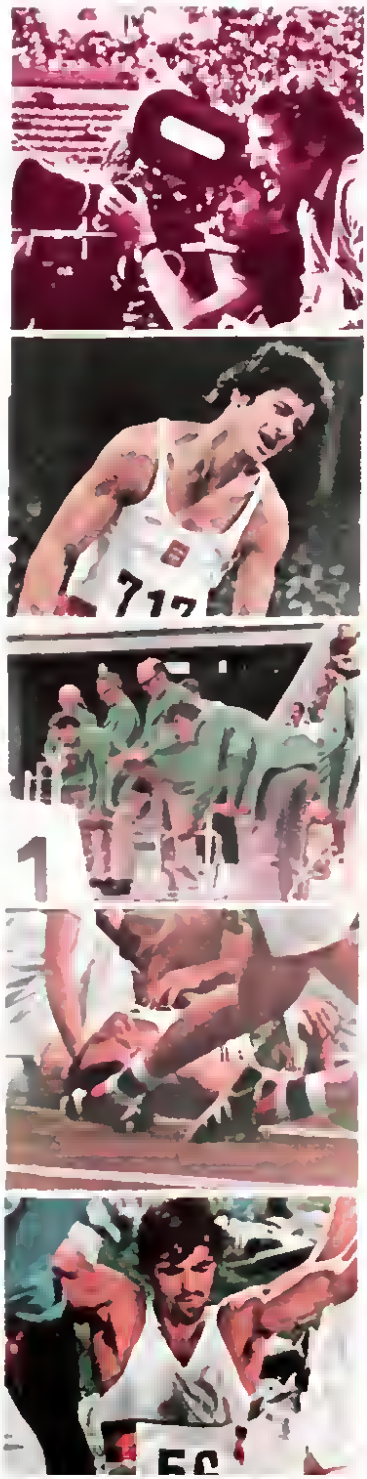
David Wolper gave his eight directors complete freedom to do what they wanted, a concession that must have given him pause on occasion. If Milos Forman had ever divulged his original idea for his vision, Wolper would have collapsed. Forman's intent was to find a symbol on which to focus his camera in which would be concentrated all the intensity, the years of training, the dedication, brought down to a single moment of commitment in the Olympics. And what did he pick? An expert rifleman's trigger finger. His plan was to spend the 12 minutes of his film on the slow squeeze of this finger; the process would be seen in close-up, filling the screen, with perhaps an occasional shift to a glimpse of the rifleman's eye squinting at some distant target.

Eventually, Forman discarded the idea as lacking in "dramatic values," and he began concentrating on finding an event in which the athlete did not utilize an object such as a rifle or a discus or a shot. "When athletes rely on a prop, like a pole or something to hold on to," he explained, "the object seems to suck up their emotion, to drain it from their face." He thought he might choose the high jump. "In that event the man is alone, suspended in midair—even his feet are not running—and his face shows his emotion."

Then, after seeing the German track and field championships a few months before the Olympics, he changed his mind yet again. "I sat enthralled by the decathlon—that two-day set of exertions climaxed by the 1,500-meter run. Such pain, such heroic efforts to overcome the limits of human physics."

Forman is a director known for his humor and gentle ironies (*Taking Off*, *The Loves of a Blonde*) and his vision of the Olympics is often puckish and startling, full of tricks and personal conceits. He is successful with an amalgam of music (both beer-hall and symphonic) as a supporting structure for the events of the decathlon—a device that in less skillful hands could be cloying and cute. His camera is a fine spy. It dwells on the officials and referees in their green blazers carrying their fold-up chairs and marching across the field in close-order forma-

Czechoslovakia's Milos Forman found the dramatic values he wanted in the pain and heroic effort of the grueling decathlon



tion. "They seemed like such drones," Forman explained. "Most of them are former athletes and it is sad to see how they have gone from being athletes to functionaries."

Arthur Penn, far-famed for his *Bonnie and Clyde*, also gave the producer fits. Originally, Penn hoped to film the saga of the American flyweight boxer Bobby Lee Hunter, who was being allowed out of jail to try out for the Olympic squad and was an odds-on favorite to land himself a position. Penn filmed nearly four hours on Hunter—his background, his grandfather's funeral, his life in prison. The sociological aspects of Hunter's life were of far more interest to Penn than his boxing career. In fact, Penn's intention was to limit the Olympic footage to just the one key punch that would decide the issue between Hunter and his opponent, using the Olympics, whatever the outcome, as a sort of dramatic punctuation to finish off a turbulent chapter in the athlete's life.

To Penn's despair (and presumably to David Wolper's relief, considering Penn's idea of using just a few seconds from Munich), the Hunter segment could not be resolved since the fighter lost a preliminary bout in the Olympic Trials and never made the team.

So Penn, with less than a month to decide, was suddenly without a subject. He felt like someone who had arrived in the waning moments of a basement bargain sale.

"Well, what's left?"

"You're awfully late."

"Yes, I know."

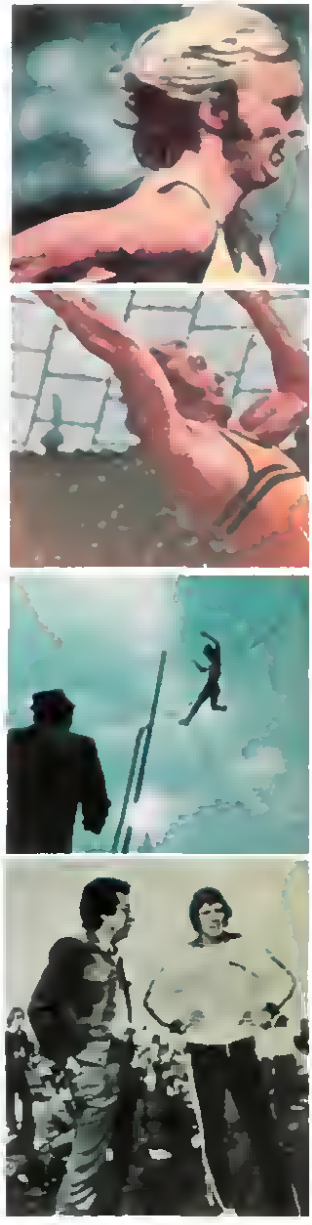
"There's canoeing. You can have that."

"What else?"

"The 1,500 meters. The pole vault. Volleyball. Bicycle racing. The triple jump."

"I'll take the pole vault."

Penn's vision of the pole vault will cause more controversy than anything else in *Visions of Eight*. For an agonizing number of minutes the screen remains out of focus and without sound; it is almost a sure bet that unknowing audiences will start whistling and stomping and screaming at the projectionist for not being on the job up in his booth. Through the fuzz of blurred color one can discern the run and then the rise *continued*



Arthur Penn, best known for "Bonnie and Clyde," created the most controversial segment, a sometimes soundless, out-of-focus look at the pole vault

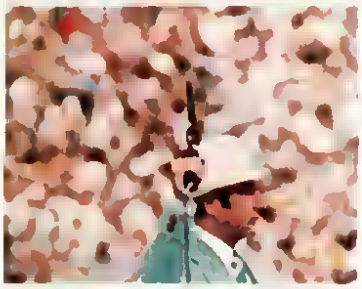
VISIONS *continued*





Germany's Michael Pfleghar filmed the Olympic women, stressing the grace and beauty of such athletes as Soviet gymnast Ludmilla Turishcheva.











of the vaulter, the bend of the pole, and it would seem that a twist of the focus knob would set everything right.

The blatantly subjective reason for this intentional obscurity is startling: Arthur Penn wished to reflect his *own* feelings when he first went down on the field among the pole vaulters—namely, that it was all a blur to him, the scene so new to his senses that he could not perceive the event. It was, he admits, "a simple-minded response," but one he thought he should reflect on film. Only after watching for some time did the particulars of the event begin to come into focus, and the sounds become familiar—the scamper of feet down the runway, the thud of the pole into the box and the puff of the athlete's body landing in the foam-rubber pit, the latter the first sound the audience hears.

Had the producers tried to get him to change the beginning? "Oh my, yes," Penn reported. "Frequent, if very polite, pleas- -rather like the drip of a water torture—in which both the sacred person of the audience and the projectionist were often invoked. But I was firm about it. Besides, I had another notion, that it was by no means a crime to make the audience feel uncomfortable in order to shake them up slightly and alter their perceptions."

Penn has done a lot to surprise his viewers. Nothing in his film is shot at normal speed. The slow-moving silhouettes of vaulters floating against the sunlight were taken by a Milliken 16-mm. medical-industrial camera that shoots 600 frames per second. There is a curious aquatic feeling to Penn's film, much of it seemingly shot in the late-evening shadows, with the vaulters rising up against the light as if toward the surface of a pond.

Penn never got to know much about his subjects. "They're like thoroughbreds," he explained, "terribly nervous and distracted. Pole vaulters are allowed three minutes before they must take off down the runway. They go through extraordinary totemistic behavior -a sense of ritual and procedures, and a near obscene relationship with their poles. All of that fascinated me—how they got themselves psyched up and prepared. I began to envy Ozerov, the Russian film maker who selected the subject of starts for his 'vision.'"

Juri Ozerov would not have seemed a logical choice to film the subtleties of individual athletes preparing themselves for an event. A portly Russian director, he is best known for the vast scale of such epics as *The Great Battle*, a reconstruction of the Nazi-Soviet tank engagements at Kursk in 1943. Indeed, he had wanted to do the massive champions of his own country, the weight lifters, a group that had already been preempted by Mai Zetterling. He shrugged and accepted David Wolper's suggestion that he try "starts." "The Beginning," he said with a sly wink suggesting he was thinking more of romantic attachments than film projects, "is the most interesting moment of any enterprise."

Logically, Ozerov's segment on starts opens *Visions of Eight*—a series of individual shots, largely of limbering-up exercises, the quick jiggle of thigh muscles, an athlete from Malawi in the Olympic

Russia's Juri Ozerov, saying "The beginning is the most interesting moment of any enterprise," concentrated on starts.

The Swedish director Mai Zetterling, only woman in the group, turned her lively imagination to the weight lifters







Village chapel, all of this building in a slow crescendo toward the moment of commitment, the settling of a track shoe into the starting block, the rise of haunches. At the starter's pistol Ozerov releases the tension in a long burst of action shots, so fast as to be almost subliminal, like flipping the pages of a photograph album of athletes in full action, and then, in an abrupt and brilliant change of pace, he lets us linger on the last page, a diver in a lovely slow-motion descent into the flat blue of the Olympic pool.

Ozerov's original wish may have been to film Olympic weight lifters, but he would hardly begrudge Mai Zetterling's success with that subject. Her lively and imaginative inspection of weight lifters will quite likely provoke the most enthusiasm for any of the visions. The first inclination of the former actress turned director (*Loving Couples* and *Night Games*) was to do a film on the women of the Games.

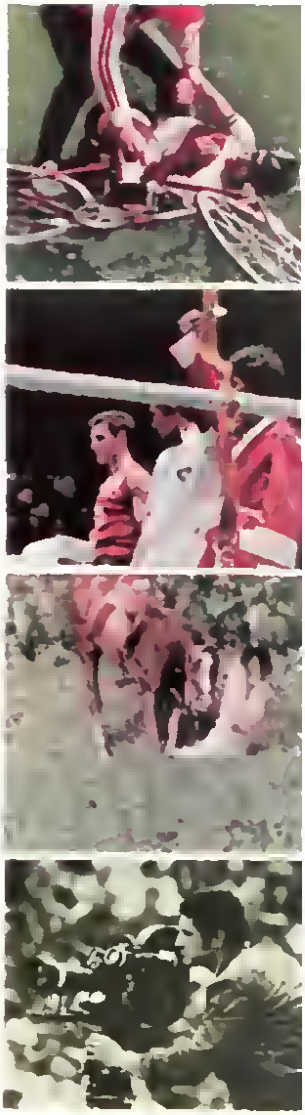
"It would have been the easiest thing for me to do," she said. "But a person must push beyond old categories and experiences and make it hard for himself, so that finally he achieves real insecurity and, with it, wisdom."

For inspiration, Zetterling looked at films of the Mexico City and Tokyo Olympics, and at Leni Riefenstahl's epic on the Berlin Olympics. "They affected me deeply," she said. "Especially the weight lifters. I knew nothing about them, and cared less, but as I watched the films I became intrigued by the apparent obsessions that motivate men to distort their bodies so. If a man sleeps for 12 hours a day, trains for nine and eats for three, he's got to be obsessed. There is no time for living. I asked one of the super heavyweight lifters if he had a girl friend and he replied there was no room to fit a girl in a bed because he was so big. And yet they are glamorous. There's the glamour of commitment. I'm happy I chose the topic."

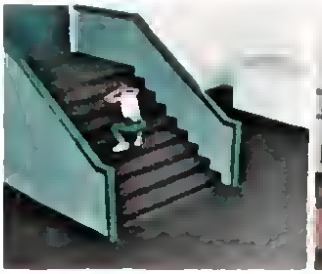
Impressed (as were all the film makers) by the loneliness and isolation of the athlete, Zetterling lets her cameras linger in a vast exercise hall where the weight lifters are going through their daily calisthenics and warmups—each athlete utterly oblivious of the other, as apart as a collection of mechanical toys wound up and set loose on the carpet. The sound track is a mélange of puffs and grunts, the crash of barbells to the floor, and in the background, to add to the sense of the impersonal, the voices of Olympic officialdom drone on in Germanic detail such specifics that during the Games the athletes will consume 1.1 million eggs, 120,000 pieces of toast, 27,000 kilos of veal.

Contrasts and ironies fill the Zetterling segment: a long shot of an exercising weight lifter from the flyweight division squat-jumping up a broad stair, like a chimp discovered in a palace; a musician's finger manipulating the valve of a French horn in contrast to the vast muscular expenditure required of the athletes. In the arena a weight lifter from Great Britain, wearing white suspenders, gets ready. He strides around, never looking at the enormous inanimate object in the center of the stage; his pace increases, his breath puffs;

continued

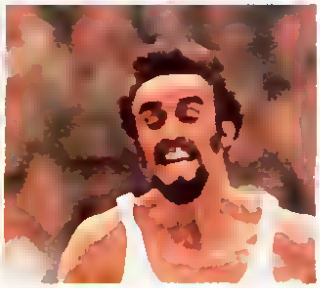


The losers, those for whom the Olympics are a time of failure rather than triumph, were the special interest of Claude Lelouch of France









VISIONS *continued*









The personal agony of the distance runner and the tragedy of the Israeli killings were woven together by John Schlesinger.

he steps abruptly to the absurdly large set of barbells, tugs them to his knees and then drops them with a crash; a haunted and somewhat resigned look crosses his face as if the futility of competing against gravity were suddenly realized. He is led away. The iron sits smug and fat on the floor.

The topic of "women" that Mai Zetterling discarded is capably taken over by Germany's Michael Pfleghar (*The Death of Beverly Hills*), who has a considerable reputation as a ladies' man. In his vision a gentler and more joyous spirit exists, with little of the grim demeanor that typifies the world of the male athlete. The women athletes talk to each other, they wear love beads, bandannas; the losers sob briefly, smile, and congratulate the winners. Their beauty stuns; the last moments of Pfleghar's segment show Ludmilla Turischeva on the uneven bars—her movements in slow motion, precise, yet graceful, a hand turning on the bar as she revolves in midair, while behind her the great banks of spectators rising to the top of the arena begin to applaud in slow motion. She floats down to her dismount, her back arches, the arms are flung up, and her solemn urchin's face fills the screen.

Claude Lelouch, another expert on the female, who made the serene and lovely *A Man and a Woman*, picked "the losers" for his segment. His film runs the range of reaction—from the lengthy tantrums of a Spanish bantamweight who refuses to accept his loss and derisively applauds his opponent with boxing gloves that seem as huge at the end of his pipestem arms as mittens on a small child, to the quieter acceptance of swimmers hanging exhausted onto the end of the pool, barely enough strength left to slap petulantly at the water. Then they shove slowly off backwards, almost submerged, as if the element itself could soothe them.

Lelouch often equates losing with catastrophe—wrestlers grotesquely crippled by muscle pulls, a Japanese cyclist careening off the track, a series of spectacular steeplechase tumbles, including one photographed from ground level in which a horse fails to negotiate a ditch and in slow motion seems to be swallowed up by the earth until just his tail shows, floating slowly down behind him.

Kon Ichikawa, the Japanese film maker, relies completely on such techniques of slow motion, in his case to study the "fastest humans" of the 100-meter dash. In a tour de force he takes 34 cameras, most of them set up to catch the runners coming head on, and he uses 20,000 feet of film to slow the 10 seconds of the sprint down to six minutes of film time. The segment opens with a long roll of thunder that one realizes is the stretched-out sound of the starter's gun being fired.

Almost all the film makers were intrigued by the same sort of visual shots Ichikawa achieves in his segment: few of them, whatever subject they selected, could resist a head-on view, taken with a teleseopic lens, of a runner moving through the shimmer of heat waves toward the camera, his speed slowed so far down that one sees on the screen what strain does to the human body, especially the face, where the cheeks and lips go slack and seem to flutter and flop loosely away from the bones and teeth. The eyes stare. What a shame that Ichikawa could not have filmed the U.S. sprinter Charlie Greene at Mexico City, who said he aimed himself down the lane and ran the 100-meter dash with his eyes squeezed shut.

It is a revealing, and somehow demeaning, sight to see human features in involuntary collapse due to the strain and effort of competition. The film makers noticed it in their cutting rooms, and these tortured faces appear and reappear throughout the segments of *Visions of Eight* like a macabre *Leitmotiv* in music.

Ichikawa is something of a pundit. Having filmed an Olympics before (the Tokyo Games), he unburdened himself of a somewhat formal observation about the athletes in Munich. "Regardless of



Kon Ichikawa, who filmed the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, used 34 cameras and 20,000 feet of film to record the 10 seconds of the 100-meter dash

whether it is considered to be a festival of peace for the human race, it is hardly an auspicious assembly of the gods. They can scarcely be of godly hearts or gifted minds. Even in the sacrosanct temple of the Olympics, through his skin, bones and flesh, man's ego rears its ugly head, more than that, it is displayed in unabashed nakedness."

The greatest and most horrifying example of human excess at the XXth Olympics was, of course, the Israeli massacre in the Olympic Village. It was left to John Schlesinger, the British director (*Midnight Cowboy*), to incorporate the tragedy in the concluding segment of *Visions of Eight*.

Schlesinger is a small, plumpish man with no interest in sports either as a spectator or a participant. But he was interested in Wolper's project and wanted to film what he felt was the most dramatically personal of the Olympic events, the marathon. He called up the British Amateur Athletic Association to find out that Ron Hill, a scientist working in the north of England on dye research, was the top marathon runner in the country. Schlesinger took his cameras up to Lancashire to film Hill through his lengthy training schedule. "I was interested in this," Schlesinger said, "because I consider myself fairly disciplined in my work and terribly undisciplined in my life, and I was fascinated that anybody could be so completely disciplined as to run to work every day, run in the lunch hour, run home after work, and every Sunday of his adult life run 20 miles over the hills of Lancashire. Of course, he was a totally humorless man, which might be expected of someone submitting himself to such rigid discipline. I'm bored by people like that, though I have grudging admiration for them.

"The nature of the film about Hill changed *personally* for me after the Israeli killings. I was sitting glued to the TV set in London. I was supposed to fly over the next day to get ready for the marathon. My feeling was that everything should be canceled. After thinking about it overnight, I felt the Games should go on, but not as if nothing had happened. The flags went back up from half-mast, except for the Israeli flag, with unseemly haste, bar-*rong!* All of this had a tremendous effect on me, much more than on the people sitting in the Olympic Village where the tragedy was happening. The athletes there amused themselves by playing chess, moving giant chess pieces on enormous squares. The power of communication is much stronger on those who are away from the event. I began to feel that I wanted to do my film about that, about the killings and the effect of it all, but on the phone David Wolper said absolutely not. So I told him that I didn't think I could come to Munich unless I could bring that situation in, though at the time I had no idea how to do it. Obviously, I would have preferred to go to Munich rather than to put a polite announcement in the *London Times* saying that I had withdrawn from the project for personal reasons. Then an associate of mine, James Clark, told me about Ron Hill's attitude during all this—that he was completely involved in his marathon coming up and thinking of nothing else. Well, I thought, that's the answer, that's the tack we'll take, the irony of this athlete against a background of helicopter sounds and sirens completely dismissing this terrible event.

"Hill was quite articulate about it, and certainly horrifyingly frank. 'It's affected me,' he told me, 'in that the tragedy has put off my race for a day. If I allowed myself to think about what had happened, I would have become emotionally involved and thus not able to run.'

"Well, that's what I made my film about—that statement. I found illustrations for it—a battered bunch of flowers, and a wreath, the empty block in the Olympic Village, the photographers photographing the photographers—everything so alien to the man running up that long hill on Sunday in Lancashire."

An interesting speculation about *Visions of Eight* would question whether each segment bears the unique signature of its maker—does one say "Ah-ha, Schlesinger, without question"? Mai Zetterling had warned that one of the disadvantages of the concept of *Visions of Eight* would be exactly that problem, that the film directors might try to outdo each other by using tricky techniques. "Competition must be kept to a minimum if the idea is to work out," she argued. "The vision must be authentic, not a recherché attempt to best fellow directors."

It would seem that Zetterling's presentiment was heeded. With perhaps the exception of Penn's out-of-focus gimmickry and Forman's speeded-up tomfoolery with his shots of Olympic officials, one could properly say that some of the segments are only *less* personal than others. The film is traditional and straightforward, such as Ichikawa's 100-meter dash (though one might feel that its technique shows the Japanese preoccupation with dissection and miniaturization), Ozerov's essay on starts, Lelouch's losers.

Certainly there is one quality that is inherent in all the visions. It is the loneliness of the athletes. They rarely talk, to each other or to the camera. Their voices are inner. Even their rage is silent. They puff their cheeks. Their eyes rarely focus. They are as beautiful and distant as mannequins. One of the few human scenes occurs at the end of Mai Zetterling's segment. Two wrestlers are leaving the exercise room carrying their kit bags. One of them is a super heavyweight, massive, moving away from the camera in a slow, regal waddle, walking beside him is a flyweight lifter, a midget by comparison. The two of them are talking briskly, friends for sure, and perhaps they are going off to have a beer somewhere. One hopes so. Perhaps it is no accident that a number of the *Visions of Eight* directors decided that if they ever combined again to do a film, it would be on the subject of love. **END**

A MACHINE WITH TWO PISTONS

Luc Robillard and Jerry Kellogg wearily pounded through 15 hours of steady pain to win the AuSable Canoe Marathon ***by JIM HARRISON***





In their prom formals, Queen Mary of Oscoda and Queen Ann of Grayling are beaming at the crowd across the AuSable River from the porch of Ray's Canoe Livery. It is 10 o'clock at night and the 5,000 people stretched along the bank are oddly silent. The 26 two-man racing teams have been introduced and have left with their canoes on shoulders to get ready for the LeMans-type start that will take place some 400 yards up the street in this northern Michigan village. There's even been a benediction by a local pastor. Now we are waiting for the fire-station whistle to signal the beginning of the AuSable Canoe Marathon, a 240-mile race from Grayling to the mouth of the river in Oscoda, nonstop, with a mere $1,000 held up as a carrot for the front-runners. The arc lights are attracting a great number of bugs and one gazes idly at the river hoping to spot a brown trout rising.

With the first low trill of the whistle the crowd begins screaming. Thirty seconds later the first team rounds the corner, runs full out down the dock, hurls the canoe in the river and scrambles in. Then at least 10 more teams arrive at once with an amazing show of splashing and shoving for position. Within a minute all the canoes have disappeared into the *night—which is to be a night of unmitigated* punishment.

I had reached Grayling the day before with a generalized sense of irritation brought on by a summer cold, a virus and a show-me attitude toward the idea of professional canoe racing. Almost everyone canoes at one time or another and as a trout fisherman I had grown to dread the arrival of those clunking aluminum beasts on the river, scaring hell out of brown trout for half an hour after their passing. The passengers would smile idiotically and wave from a range of five feet as they crossed your line. "Catching any?" Not now.

And there was a slight sense of dread and nostalgia over the fact that though I had been born in Grayling I was spending my first night there in 34 years. The dread came on because I had come to realize that the northern Michigan of my youth with its Hemingway Nick Adams stories is now largely mythical. It seemed to me that every abandoned gravel pit with its green pond from Grand Rapids to the Straits of Mackinac has been developed and renamed Wee Loch o' the Woods or something like that. But this impression was to lose much of its ammunition in the next two days.

Ray's Canoe Livery is in the center of town, and the AuSable, which begins not far from Grayling, is very small here, not gaining the weight of its several branches until farther east. I introduced myself to some strange physical types lounging around the yard. They looked like a mixture of broncobusters, hulldoggers and gymnasts: small waists, slight hips and legs but with massively developed arms and chests, the sloping powerful muscles that one identifies with weight lifters as opposed to the bulges of body builders. These were, of course, canoe racers, not terribly friendly people, though they did gradually warm. Most of them seemed busy psyching themselves up and psyching their competitors out like 180-pound peacocks.

Late in the afternoon two of the racers *who had been described to me as contenders*, Al Robinson and Jeff Kellogg, asked the photographer and me if we wanted to join them on a short spin. The photographer was staring at the flimsy racing canoe and decided to take an underwater camera to be safe. A racing canoe, although more than 18 feet long, weighs only 40 pounds. It is made of laminated strips of redwood and lightly fiberglassed inside and out. Al Robinson held the canoe steady at the dock, looking mournfully at my cowboy boots. I took them off.

It was like trying to balance on a cork and bore as much relationship to regular canoeing as speed skating does to walking. Despite my awkwardness with the paddle we fairly flew downstream,





THE BIG WINNERS were Donna Buckley and Truda Gilbert, first girls ever to finish the race, and Robillard and Kellogg, who broke their own record. Along the way "bank runners" supplied food.



with Robinson in the stern deftly keeping us away from docks and overhanging branches. Racing paddles are outsized and canted for extra power so that the surface of the blade is kept perpendicular to the canoe throughout the sweep of the stroke.

The photographer and Jeff Kellogg disappeared on a trickle of water between two bushes to explore a location called the Spider Cut, a shortcut Al and Jeff thought might be legal this year. We headed into what looked like a small creek. It is known as the Moose Cut and was dug, hacked and dynamited across a long neck of the river years ago by a racer who wanted a secret time advantage. He missed it in the darkness of the race and now nearly all of the racers know about it.

We received some encouragement of the Bobby Riggs variety. Advancing age doesn't seem to be a negative factor among canoe racers. In 1971 Buzz Peterson and his son Steve from Coon Rapids, Minn. set a record for the distance. Buzz Peterson was 51 at the time, though certainly not to be confused with the average man that age. Peterson was the master of the psych, stopping his canoe for a cigarette and waving at his astonished competitors. This year Verlin Kruger, a 50-year-old plumber, is entered again. A few years ago he paddled with a friend from Quebec to Alaska, all 6,500 miles of it. This might strike one as insane but Verlin describes it casually as a "wonderful trip," though they had trouble with ice the first month and, after all, the first half of the voyage was *upstream*. Many top-seeded racers are in their 30s, and the best explanation involves stamina and the ability to withstand the pain that sets in after a few hours of racing. "Young men can't stand the pain" was a statement repeated over and over.

The night before the race I bought three rounds of drinks for a big table of racers at a local bar. The bill came to $5. Except for the favorites, Luc Robillard and Jerry Kellogg, they were fidgety and

continued

sipped ginger ale and Coca-Cola. You would have thought they were being sent to Vietnam at midnight. Robillard is a physical-education teacher from Quebec and Kellogg is an ironworker out of Twin Lakes, Mich. I asked Jerry about a fight I had heard about and he spoke modestly about the fact that two years before he and his brother Jeff had mixed it up with half a dozen louts in a bar. The first five weren't bad but the last held a knife, explaining the scar on Jerry's face. Jeff got a collapsed lung from his stabbing but still entered the race a few weeks later. I reflected dully on how outmoded this samurai routine was except for a few backwoods areas of the country.

I asked Jerry and Luc how they managed to win the 1972 race by a half-hour margin. They admitted that they sprinted for the first eight hours until they were sure no one could catch them. Sprinting is anything over 70 strokes a minute. Robillard added with a grin that they were like a "machine with two pistons." In addition to a lot of paddling, Robillard runs up to 60 miles a week to get ready for a race. Good wind is essential. The portages over the six dams are made at a dead run by all the teams.

There was some uneasiness over the idea that for the first time in the history of the race two women, Donna Buckley and Truda Gilbert, who resolutely denied any Women's Lib motivation, had been allowed to enter. I was assured by many that they would never make the finish line, which didn't seem surprising as often fewer than a third of the teams reach Oscoda. Aside from being pretty and well built, they both were in top shape. They readily took the bet for a bottle of champagne when Ed Adams said they would never reach Mio, just short of the halfway point. I tended to agree with Adams, who seemed knowledgeable about endurance, having won in the past a Texas race that took over 60 hours. How does one stay awake that long, let alone paddle?

The bar gradually cleared until the only racer left was Jay Stephan, a fishing guide and construction worker. Jay's father had won the race three times and is a well-known trout guide and builder of boats. On being pushed, Jay said he doubted he had a chance though his close knowledge of the river was an advantage. Jay wears his hair shoulder length in a ponytail, so taking an obvious cue I asked him if any of the racers used drugs for energy, say speed in any of its forms. He said he had never heard of it. The race is simply too long, at least 15 hours of hard paddling, hardly to be compared with the 60 minutes of action football players have when they might, safely or not, use uppers.

The day of the race proved to be humid and cloudy with the threat of rain. The racers were happy about the weather—rain would raise the river level and make the water faster. I talked at length with Norm Brown and Bill Staples, who are both former competitors and the judges of the race this year. Part of their job is to make sure the racers don't cheat by portaging across some of the thin, elongated bends in the river, a rare though possible tactic. Staples marked on my program the top six finishers and he proved to be accurate. Both Staples and Brown were pessimistic about any increase in the popularity of the sport. It is simply too grueling with the years of competition, training and practice necessary to build a winner. There are no accidental or surprise winners on the pro circuit.

Late in the afternoon Brown and Staples were busy checking the canoes, measuring them to make sure they conform to rigid rules on length and minimum beam. The competitors were making extraordinary efforts to appear relaxed though it was obvious that a single misplaced firecracker could blow the whole race. I talked to a number of wives who were busy preparing the food that resembled that used by the astronauts. Tubes. Plastic containers of nutrient supplement. Hot broth and heavily sugared tea. Gatorade. Bottles of honey, mixed with milk or straight. Everyone was hip to the energy bit. (A few years back ripe olives were declared to be some ultimate energy source and many racers used them.) Long tubes are connected to gallons of Kool-Aid so the racer can suck directly without missing a stroke. The wives or friends who act as "bank runners" have to wade into the river to hand over the food without slowing down the canoe. Later in the race it is thrown into the canoes at the dam portages.

I sought out a favored racer named John Buckley, whose wife Donna is half of the female team. He had been variously described in terms that boiled down to one mean-minded ogre and I wanted to catch the act in person. Surprise. He's a graduate student working on a degree in speech therapy. Maybe a trifle arrogant but soft-spoken and absurdly muscled. Whatever his faults might be you perceive that part of the tension is that Buckley is a "college man" among members of the working class, still a viable separation in parts of the country. Until a few weeks before, Buckley had formed a winning combination with Jeff Kellogg. Then they hit a buoy up in Flin Flon, Manitoba and sank. They had an argument while swimming around and that broke up the team. Many wonder why the Kellogg brothers don't race together but the sport is too volatile for the close quarters of a brother combination. Among the top pros, however small the purses, partners are traded back and forth under the pressure of the anger caused by exhaustion. The AuSable Marathon is the Indianapolis 500 of canoe racing and it means no less to these people than the auto race does to the Unser brothers.

All of my doubts about the validity and interest of the sport are being dispelled as the starting time nears with evening. There's a palpable tension and excitement in the air, no doubt caused by the insanity of trying to paddle that far without stopping. And at maximum speed. The racers are now worried about the fog that often hugs the river valley, the worst thing that could happen to the weather. The small lights mounted on the bows can't penetrate fog and a racing canoe is easily stove in by a deadhead or punctured by a branch. Al Robinson has a glazed, pinched look about him as if he had been condemned to the poleax. The women are getting a lot of nervous and not very good-natured ribbing. Luc Robillard and Jerry Kellogg are leaning against a car hood. They admit to dreading the pain and a long lonely stretch of water on the other side of Mio that comes before dawn when their natural body cycles are at their lowest ebb. But they are laughing and joking and their supreme confidence doesn't seem to lessen the nervousness of the others.

Back to the start, so short and violent that the neophyte viewer scarcely has any idea what has happened. The cheering dies and Jerry Chiapetta, an outdoors writer turned television personality, clambers out of the water with a big movie camera. It seemed to me he had been taking his life in his hands. I had been warned to stand well back at portages because the racers in an advanced state of exhaustion don't see well and tend to

continued

Only Magnavox Videomatic Color TV adjusts its own picture to changing roomlight ...automatically.

And we lit up the L.A. Coliseum to prove it.



Simulated TV Picture

No other television in America can do it. Only Magnavox adjusts its own picture to changing light conditions—automatically. Constantly. So you enjoy a bright, sharp, true-color picture.

Any room. Any light. Any time. What a difference!

It's all part of the exclusive Videomatic Color System from Magnavox—and here's more.

Revolutionary new in-line picture tube.

A "first" in 19" (measured diagonally) color TV—and Magnavox makes it in 17" (measured diagonally) too.

Our new in-line tube utilizes fine phosphor *lines* instead of conventional dots. so you get a truly clean, sharp color picture in big screen portables.

Reliable 100% solid-state chassis.

No chassis tubes to burn out. Plug-in, plug-out modular circuits for easy on-the-spot repairs (a Magnavox Color TV would rather stay at home than in the shop).

One-button tuning.

The most completely automatic one-button tuning system you can buy.

The picture has changed in color TV, and Magnavox has changed it. See your Magnavox dealer today!



One-button Videomatic Color TV only from Magnavox.

What a difference watching a Magnavox.

It's America's Favorite.



From all over America, people come to behold the majesty of the Grand Tetons, rising from the plains.

It's a uniquely American experience. As is Seagram's 7 Crown. America's unique, light tasting whiskey.

Fact is, more Americans enjoy 7 Crown than the leading Scotch and Canadian combined.

Seagram's 7 Crown. It's America's whiskey.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 86 PROOF.

bowl over spectators. We joined several hundred cars following the canoeists downriver to watch from a dozen vantage points. I was tired but figured if Verlin Kruger at 50 could paddle all night, at 35 I could manage to keep my eyes open that long.

The first stop was Burton's Landing, about 40 minutes downstream for the racers. A large crowd was milling about in the dark at the river's edge. It is bad form to shine a flashlight directly at the oncoming canoe because it blinds the paddlers to any logs or obstructions in the water. A small light became visible upstream and the people began cheering. The canoe was quickly broadside to us and flashlights were turned on. Luc and Jerry. You could hear them huffing and then one would yell "hut," which signaled a switch in the side they were paddling on. They were sprinting at 75 strokes a minute, which looked eerie and violent in the beams of dozens of flashlights. John Buckley and Stan Hall appeared in the second canoe four minutes later. A four-minute lead in the first 45 minutes. Al Robinson and Jeff Kellogg were running third. The favorites had established their position.

The night became a jumble of stops at different bridges. Two hours into the race Luc and Jerry had further lengthened their lead and the first six canoes were well ahead of the pack. The crowd kept wondering what had happened to the women but would surge on to the next bridge in order to catch the leaders. Verlin Kruger was running about ninth but I had been advised that Verlin grows stronger as the race progresses and that he was likely to improve his position in the early morning hours.

Alcona Dam, close after dawn. I stood looking out over the reservoir at the cool mist rising from the water. There were several mallards paddling around, and farther out a single loon whose tremulous cry I had heard while trying to doze in the car in a cloud of mosquitoes.

Cars full of stragglers began to arrive, flushing the mallards. Some of the crowd were very drunk and haggard-looking. I talked to Bill Kahn, a realtor who sponsors Luc and Jerry. A sponsor usually guarantees basic expenses in exchange for having his company's name painted on the canoe. Kahn has had a knack over the years for sponsoring the winner. He was busy glassing the far end of the pond, perhaps two miles distant. Harry Curley approached. Curley has pretty much kept the race going since 1947. He lost his son Gerald, who drowned in 1953 while training for a race in Canada. I asked them if the obvious superiority of Luc and Jerry discouraged the other racers. They said not, that Ralph Sawyer had been on winning teams eight times and that hadn't scared anyone away.

A canoe appeared far down the pond and the flash of paddles seemed ornate with a weak sun glinting off the dawn mist. Luc and Jerry. They hit the bank swerving at full tilt, jumped out, shouldered the canoe and ran down the steep long bank of the dam, the photographer running with them. Luc was grinning crazily and he and the photographer were yelling at each other in French.

"*Eh, Luc. Ca va?*" ("How's it going?")

"*Ca va. Ca va, Guy*." ("O.K., Guy.")

"*Tu es dérouillé?*" ("Are you hurting?")

"*Un peu, un peu.*" ("A little." He is smiling.)

"*Tu veux ut coup de rouge?*" ("You want some wine?")

"*Ce soir, mon vieux.*" ("Tonight, old boy," he says laughing.)

They are 9½ hours into the race and the nut is laughing. At the bottom of the dam Jerry's wife throws in some food and they are off at the same manic pace of the night before.

John Buckley and Stan Hall appear, 20 minutes behind the leaders. Buckley slips on the mud at the end of the portage and falls in the river. He stands there in the waist-deep water for half a minute, dazed with fatigue and still six hours from the finish. The next three canoes arrive fairly close together with Cecil Lame and Bill Ayers having taken over third and Jeff Kellogg and Al Robinson right behind them in fourth. Then we have a surprise, though it was predicted: Verlin Kruger and Terry Norris come in not half a minute behind in fifth. Ed Adams and Blaise St. Pierre are in sixth despite having lost precious time patching a hole in their bow.

But the question on everyone's mind as the crowd dispersed with the passing of the leaders was, "Where are the girls?" We learned that Truda was ill several times during the night but insisted on continuing. Someone said that they are two hours behind, which wouldn't be all that bad. Donna had told me with rather ice-cold eyes that they intended to finish if it took 24 hours.

After Alcona there are four more portages before the paddlers reach Oscoda. I began to feel a great deal of pity for the racers though it was dampened somewhat by the idea that no one was "making" them do it.

At Foote Dam, the last portage, Norm Brown advised Jerry and Luc that they had a shot at breaking 15 hours, something not done even when the race was split into two segments over two days. Brown assured me that they would sprint the last hour and a half in order to break this 15-hour block and to improve on the record they set in 1972. At Foote the most popular topic of conversation wasn't the leaders but, again, "Where are the girls?" One sensed that all of the males in the crowd weren't wishing them godspeed.

In Oscoda near the river's mouth I felt slothful and guilty sitting on the gunwale of a cabin cruiser drinking champagne and eating goodies while waiting for the racers to show. I thought of the ubiquitous expression, "I didn't get much sleep last night." Not, to be sure, if you've been paddling 3,600 strokes an hour all night.

Jerry and Luc came in sight and really began pouring it on, partly, I suspect, for the spectators. They won in 14 hours and 56 minutes, looking a bit shell-shocked, but they stood around talking for half an hour until John Buckley and Stan Hall arrived. Then Lame and Ayers came in, closely followed by Robinson and Jeff Kellogg with Verlin Kruger and Terry Norris close behind. Ed Adams and Blaise St. Pierre were a few minutes further back.

Some of the racers' hands resembled raw, bleached hamburger—the water and paddle handles working on torn skin. Their eyes were rheumy and fogged with exhaustion, legs were cramped and there was some bleeding around the waists and knees from the chafing.

It began to rain hard and the crowd disappeared, leaving many finishers to arrive to only small groups of loyal friends. Where were the women? They came in last, 17th of the finishers, but beating out eight male teams that for various reasons never reached Oscoda. The women made the finish in 22 hours, arriving during the race banquet at eight in the evening. They had lost two hours in slow water after a dam had been shut off. A cruel thing, but they were still neck and neck with Luc and Jerry for the triumph of the day. **END**

Don't

We've been making typewriters for 70 years — well enough, apparently, that we have become closely identified with them ...at the expense of the fame our other products so richly deserve.

We've backed our equipment with a nationwide factory-trained service force totaling 4,023 people in 1,181 service centers. This means Royal typewriters tend to stick around until they become family heirlooms, adding to our identity crisis.

So we assembled a representative sampling of all our products for a joint appearance in this historic advertisement. All told, the Royal family includes two office electric typewriters,

You can multiply, and



ROYAL CITATION™
A professional electronic typewriter [illegible]

ROYAL
ROYLAX 1700
Ultimate [illegible]

ROYAL BOND COPIER
The Supercopy Machine
Copies so faithfully it's tempted [illegible]

[illegible] to make [illegible]

ROYAL 590
OFFICE
ELECTRIC

*Copy of text available on request

type us.

one office manual, eight portables (including three new electrics) four copiers, two adding machines, and four calculators. And watch this

add, subtract, copy us, too.

space ..we're expecting.

So don't type us ..add, subtract, multiply, divide, and copy us, too. We've been peering over your shoulder for three generations, and we're uniquely qualified to play a lot of roles in the daily drama of office and personal communication.

Soon we'll be pulling all those roles together in a new approach to office word flow Royal branch offices and dealers are where you are

Litton ROYAL



ROYAL is typewriting, adding, subtracting, multiplying, copying...

"You have no idea until you get out there behind the wheel what fun it is to hit somebody," crooned 48-year-old grandmother **Ruth Fisher**, former *champion of the Allentown (Pa.)* Demolition Fair Derby, women's division. Screech! Crash! Bang! Last year she wiped them all out in a '60 Ford station wagon that cost the grand sum of $1. This year she lost when her '65 Chevy, on which she blew last year's $50 prize money, overheated and stalled. Between fairs Grandma Fisher crochets, does needlepoint, hooks rugs and keeps an eye out for old cars with a lot of smack.

Don Wilkerson of LaGrange, Ga. has been hanging onto one specific baseball for years, and has now presented it to his 8-year-old son. The ball carries the autographs of the game's three greatest home-run hitters, **Babe Ruth**, **Henry Aaron** and **Willie Mays**, as well as the game's single-season record holder, **Roger Maris**. Wilkerson still hopes to add the signatures of **Mickey Mantle**, **Joe DiMaggio** and **Harmon Killebrew**. Even without that lot, the ball is worth an estimated $500, but Wilkerson won't be tempted. "I got it for my boy." And that, Cooperstown, is that.

Since **Clete Boyer**, onetime Yankee third baseman, transferred his efforts to the Taiyo Whales in Japan he has been having a whale of a time, crediting his new success to acupuncture—which in two or three days can be counted on to relieve his shoulder, back and arm injuries. "Greatest thing going," said Clete, who thinks American doctors are missing the point.

American racing fans joined Canadian sportsman **E. P. Taylor** last month in mourning the passing of 19-year-old Nearctic, for years chief stud at Taylor's Windfields stable. Nearctic sired the fabulous Northern Dancer, who in turn sired 1970 English triple crown (Guineas, Derby and St. Leger) winner Nijinsky. Even though Nearctic was failing during the 1973 breeding season, he leaves a legacy of 28 mares, all in foal. The king is dead. Long live the king.

Phillie Pitcher **Ken Brett**, who has a 12-5 won-loss record, goes to college off-season at Boston U., in the town where he started his baseball career with the Red Sox. The Sox decided he was hitting the books better than he was pitching and traded him to Milwaukee, who unloaded him onto the Phillies this year. Part of his contract with the Sox was that they would pick up the tab for his education, and they still do, though Brett doesn't plan to graduate until 1980. He likes school fine. "I let my hair grow long, add a mustache and wear clothes that blend right in. Nobody knows or cares who I am. I never tell anybody I'm a major league pitcher. Well, almost never. Sometimes if you're out with a chick and nothing else seems to be working, it's a good redeemer."





◆

◆ Usually he is pretty pugnacious, but here **Dirty Dick** is lending a friendly ear to **Joe Bygraves** down on their farm in Middlesex, England. Bygraves, a Jamaican and former British heavyweight champ, names all his pigs after former rivals, and the title of Dirty Dick was inspired by **Dick Richardson**, who fought Bygraves to a 15-round draw back in 1957. It turns out that Richardson wasn't insulted by having a namesake but the pig was. He came out fighting against his owner and beat him in something short of one round. For the record, it was a low blow. Dirty Dick hit him in the leg, the dirty swine.

And in the other corner we have Sergeant **Richie Dunn** of Britain, another heavyweight. Dunn doubles as a paratrooper, even though the military limits its sky divers to 192 pounds and he weighs in at 213. The floating sergeant will fight contender **Bunny Johnson** next, seeking a shot at champion **Don McAlindon**. Meanwhile, he insists that he falls faster through the air than other jumpers because of his size. Which makes him the new fat white hope.

After a three-year stint as assistant coach at the Naval Academy, **Pete McCulley** has finally gone professional and joined the Baltimore Colts' staff. He thinks the adjustment has been a bit traumatic. "At the Naval Academy the first day I walked into the dining hall to eat with the kids, the players stood up and waited until I sat down, and they all said 'excuse me' before leaving the table." O.K., Colts, on your feet.

Women who complain that their husbands neglect them for sport should consider the case of **"Maria,"** a Peruvian housewife who wrote a letter to the lovelorn column of a Lima newspaper claiming that her husband beats her every time Peru's soccer team loses a game. Not only that, but "I get a blow for every goal by which they lose," wrote the luckless lady. "Chile beat Peru last Sunday and my husband came home like a madman. He hit me twice to make up for the two goals Chile won by." Hang in there, Maria. Just thank God your old man isn't betting on pro basketball.

Army ROTC. They take it because they want it.

Until recently a lot of guys got into Army ROTC just so they could finish college. Uninterrupted. Nothing wrong with that.

And though the pressure's off right now, ROTC continues to be a quality course for quality people.

So today, students taking ROTC are there because they want to be there.

Because they want the things that the program can give them. Self-confidence. Leadership experience. Scholarships. Some extra money. The chance to serve as an officer—in the Active Army, the National Guard, or the Army Reserve.

Young men and women taking Army ROTC today all have one very big thing in common. They're taking it because they want it.

Army ROTC. The more you look at it, the better it looks.









Army ROTC
PO Box 12701
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19134

Tell me more about why
I should want to take Army ROTC

Mrs.
Miss
Mr. _____

Address _____

City _____ County _____

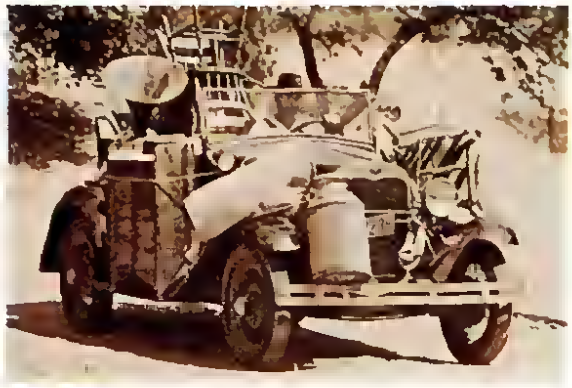
State _____ Zip _____ Age _____

High School Attending _____ Phone _____

College Planning to Attend _____

SPO 3-08-27

The Pinto Runabout. It's the rugged Model A all over again, with a lot more carrying space.



Back in the 1930's, you could always count on the rugged Ford Model A to get you where you wanted to go.

But if you had to bring along much more than a toothbrush, it took a lot of imagination. And rope.

In today's Ford Pinto, carrying space is engineered in. The Pinto Runabout, for example, has a lift-up rear door, fold-down rear seat, and 41.3 cubic feet of cargo space. (See diagram.) With the seat down, the cargo area is more than four feet deep, and every inch of it is carpeted.



But, even more important, ruggedness and durability are also engineered into Pinto.



Everything about the Ford Pinto has been engineered and designed with durability in mind. From the ball-joint front suspension shown here to the special rust-resistant brake line coating.

We built Ford Pinto to be a basic, durable, economical car. With plenty of space in it to carry you and yours.

See the 1973 Pinto at your Ford Dealer's: two-door sedan, 3-door Runabout, and the popular Pinto Wagon.

Better idea for safety... buckle up!



The Pinto engine (left) was improved and perfected in over 10 years of actual driving in small Ford-built cars all over the world. It's easy on gas, simple to maintain.



Shown here is a 1973 Pinto Runabout with optional Ivy Glow paint, whitewall tires, luxury decor and deluxe bumper groups

The Pinto body is welded into one solid piece of steel, with steel guard rails in the side doors and steel reinforcements in the roof. It's electrocoated to fight rust, and covered with five more coats of paint.



A four-speed floor-mounted transmission (left) is standard on Pinto. You can also get the optional automatic, of course. The transmission is fully synchronized, and designed to be "lubed for life." All it should need is inspection during routine dealer maintenance.

When you get back to basics, you get back to Ford.

FORD PINTO

FORD DIVISION Ford

Reds' rookie is a tough cookie

When the musical is made, the pretty secretary will enter from stage left, a tattered letter in hand. She will be dressed all in red, approach her boss apprehensively and say, "I know it seems silly, Chief, but I've got a feeling about this letter that just came in from Hilton Head, S.C. It says there's an 18-year-old boy down there who never played on a high school team. Nobody picked him in the draft and he only gets a chance to play weekends. But the letter says he can swing the bat, Chief. Swing the bat!" The stocky man at center stage tending bees will suddenly lift the netting from around his face. "If that's true," the beekeeper will say, "we should be able to sign him cheap. Give him a copy of our yearbook and a plane ticket to Tampa. Let's take the chance. Yes, let's look him over." The two will then join hands and sing, "Swing the Bat! Swing the Bat!"

Last week at New York's Shea Stadium, Johnny Bench and Pete Rose, two of four National League Rookies of the Year produced by the Cincinnati Reds in the last 16 seasons, were talking about Dan Driessen, a 22-year-old third baseman with an excellent chance to win the award this year. "We had heard for three years that Dan Driessen could hit," said Bench. "Just about everybody in our organization said, 'Driessen can hit.' Let me just say this, Dan Driessen *can* hit."

"What kind of a hitter is Driessen?" Rose was asked. "He hits about like me," Pete replied. When Pete Rose says somebody hits about like Pete Rose, it means things such as 200 hits a season, a .300-plus average and all the defenses in the National League wondering how on earth to play him. "It would surprise nobody in Cincinnati if Dan Driessen were to win the batting title next year," says Reds Coach Alex Grammas of an honor that is assumed in Cincy to be Rose's special preserve.

For the past two months Driessen has been hitting third for the Reds on their march up through the standings of the National League West. At the end of last week he was averaging .315 and only Rose (.342) was hitting more for Cincinnati. Called "The Cobra" because of the quick, lethal way his bat strikes, Driessen played a huge part in putting the Reds' attack into gear after a slow start. "At the time we brought Driessen up we were last in the league in hitting," says Manager Sparky Anderson. "He has done a tremendous job for us. When we put Driessen in the lineup and added Pitcher Freddie Norman we started to move."

Although it certainly did not appear so at the start, this could end up a vintage year for rookies in the majors. Two American League pitchers, Steve Busby of Kansas City and Jim Bibby of Texas, have thrown no-hitters and 18-year-old David Clyde of the Rangers has drawn an average of 26,000 fans whenever he has pitched in Arlington. James Rodney Richard, a 23-year-old righthander the Houston Astros farmed out this spring to pick up a couple more pitches, has returned to record more than a strikeout an inning. The surprising Montreal Expos now find their switchboard choked by callers trying to find out when 23-year-old Steve Rogers is going to work again. In two of his first three big-league starts Rogers pitched a one-hitter and allowed four hits in eight innings.

The Dodgers have a flock of good, young infielders (SI, Aug. 20), and Outfielder Gary Matthews of the Giants is hitting over .300. Matthews may well be the man Driessen will ultimately have to beat out to become Rookie of the Year in the National League.

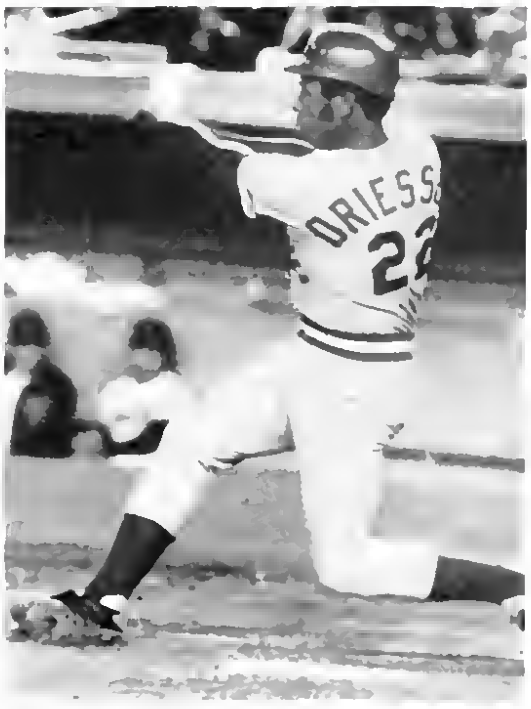
Two of the top three hitters for Baltimore this season are rookies Alonza B. Bumbry (.302) and Rich Coggins (.294). Johnny Grubb of the Padres is hitting .304, and St. Louis moved to the top of the N.L. East after the left side of its infield was turned over to newcomers Mike Tyson and Ken Reitz. In early July, Pittsburgh inserted hard-hitting Richie Zisk into the outfield and he has averaged .349 ever since.

As good as these other rookies have been, none has been better than Driessen. And while his hitting prowess was well known in the Reds' organization before he arrived in Cincy, no one figured he could step so quickly into the third spot in the order and make Red fans forget the woeful season the regular No. 3 batter, Bobby Tolan, is having. "When they brought me up from Indianapolis, I thought I would be batting right next to the pitcher," Driessen says. "I arrived in Chicago, and there was a note in my box at the hotel to see Manager Anderson. I thought I would have a few days to get my feet on the ground but he told me I would be in the lineup the next day. I knew what the next day meant. It meant playing before a packed house in Wrigley Field, facing Ferguson Jenkins and having the game on national television."

Anderson batted Driessen sixth, and his first time up the bases were loaded. "Jenkins struck me out," says Driessen with a smile. "I don't think I even saw the pitch. I was so nervous I didn't sleep at all the night before."

Cincinnati had indeed signed Driessen for only a yearbook and a plane ticket to Tampa after he had sent the Reds a letter asking for a tryout. In 1970 he hit

continued



DRIESSEN SHOWS HE CAN SWING THE BAT

a poor .223 at Tampa with only two doubles and a triple out of 54 hits. At Tampa again in 1971, Driessen averaged .327 and was promoted to Three Rivers where he hit .322 in 1972.

Regarded as a gifted first baseman, Driessen went to spring training this year convinced that his ultimate spot would be Triple A Indianapolis and first base. On the final day of camp he was told he would be playing third. "I knew that Cincinnati was not going to break up a pennant-winning team just to get me on it this year," Driessen says. When Denis Menke failed to hit early this season, General Manager Bob Howsam, a noted beekeeper, and Anderson kept examining Indianapolis box scores. What held their attention was Driessen's .409 batting average. On June 8 they promoted him to the Reds, a move like many they have made in recent seasons that quickly paid off. "Driessen is always smiling," says Bench. "The whole business doesn't seem to faze him. That's a huge part of making it in the majors. Maybe the biggest part."

That and being able to "swing the bat" seem likely to insure Driessen a regular role in that long-running hit, *Damn Red Machine*.

THE WEEK

(Aug. 13-19)

by HAROLD PETERSON

NL WEST Some called Ken McMullen a throw-in in the trade that brought him along with Andy Messersmith to the Dodgers. One of baseball's most pleasant men, McMullen suffers from a bad back that scarcely lets him bend down to tie a shoelace, let alone field a grounder. Earlier this year McMullen talked of *retiring, ostensibly because of the back.* Now the real reason is known. Ken's wife Bobbie, expecting a child in December, is a cancer victim who cannot have radiation treatment until after the birth. In May the McMullens had to decide whether to terminate pregnancy. They chose not to, and it has been a harrowing summer for a player who spends most games on the bench. But this week, as McMullen was sent in to pinch-hit for Jerry Royster in the last of the ninth with two out, one on and the Dodgers trailing Montreal by a run, Messersmith told Claude Dsteen, "He's gonna hit it out." McMullen did. He clapped his hands all the way around the bases, and the whole team met him at the plate. It was the fifth game-winning hit and the fourth homer for the courageous McMullen in only 63 at bats.

Cincinnati matched the Dodgers' 4-2 record for the week and remained 1½ games back. Don Gullett allowed a total of three runs in two games, winning the first with a six-hitter and lasting seven innings in the second before being replaced for a pinch hitter. The Reds won that one, too, defeating the Mets 2–1 in 10 innings on Hal King's pinch homer. King has had only five hits this season, but four have been home runs.

The futures of Willie McCovey, Juan Marichal and their combined salary of $250,000 were re-examined by San Francisco. Marichal had been considered on his way to retirement in the Dominican Republic and McCovey to the American League as a designated hitter, but they may not be as easy to part with after pacing a modest three-game winning streak. Wednesday, McCovey cracked his 21st home run, and Marichal beat Philadelphia 11–2 for his 237th career win, moving ahead of Bob Gibson as No. 1 among active pitchers. McCovey hit two more homers on Friday to help Ron Bryant, *the biggest winner among National* League pitchers, to his 18th victory of the season.

Houston lefthanders Dave Roberts and Jerry Reuss each shut out the Cardinals with five-hitters to lead the Astro staff to a streak of 28 scoreless innings out of 30. Spectacular Cesar Cedeno preserved Roberts' shutout job with a Pete Reiser-style catch. Cedeno smashed into the left centerfield wall as he made an extraordinary grab of Hector Cruz' long drive.

Henry Aaron hit three home runs in three days after a two-week slump, bringing his career total to 704. He is now 10 behind Babe Ruth. Getting back to ordinary mortals, Aaron's Atlanta teammates had a good week, too, winning four of six. For that matter, Dave Johnson and Darrell Evans stayed ahead of Aaron in 1973 homers. Henry has 31 for the season; Johnson hit his 32nd of the season and Evans upped his total to 34 as the Braves romped over Chicago.

The city of San Diego lost its bid to have the California Supreme Court hear a plea for an injunction to keep the Padres from moving to Washington, D.C. To rub it in, the Padres won five of seven.

LA 76-47 CIN 75-48 SF 67-54
HOUS 65-60 ATL 60-66 SD 48-77

NL EAST The Cardinals managed to end an eight-game losing streak by suddenly smashing Houston Pitcher James Rodney Richard for a five-run sixth inning followed by a four-run seventh. The Cards' winning ways did not last long even though Rick Wise pitched the team's first complete game since Aug. 5. He still lost 3–0, and St. Louis was off on another three-game losing string. The Cardinals hit only one home run all week. Diego Segui had to relieve *in four games, but still* the Cards maintained a two-game lead in the awful East where St. Louis' .504 percentage is the sole one over .500.

Losing three games out of six, Pittsburgh moved into second, despite a locker-room outburst by Richie Hebner and the customary losses to Cincinnati and San Francisco, which have defeated the Pirates in 13 of 21 games. Major league home run leader Willie Stargell slugged numbers 34 and 35, the only ones his team hit all week.

Gene Mauch brought his mother to Montreal after the Expos lost four of their last five games in California, but even mom could not help him win more than once. Poor Pepe Frias, whose real name is Jesus and whose wife's name is Mercy, was strictly a three-day starter at second base as the Expos tried to plug the hole left by Ron Hunt's injury. After Frias hit into a double play with the bases loaded, then booted a grounder to break the game open and finally struck out with the bases loaded against the Dodgers, Mauch *chanted a litany from the dugout,* "Jesus . . . mercy . . . free-us . . ."

Chicago won a game last week, two to be precise, a considerable achievement after 11 days of nothing but losses. And as if the defeats were not bad enough, the Cubs seemed to be getting worse, particularly after 15–1 and 10–2 losses to Atlanta. When they finally stopped the skid with a 5–1 win over Los Angeles, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who live just down Addison Street from Wrigley Field, began tolling the convent bells. And radio station WGN, whose announcers clang a bell for Cub homers, used it to celebrate the victory with the *Hallelujah Chorus* playing in the background. Inspired by the din, the Cubs won 2–1 against the Dodgers again the following day on Billy Williams' two-run homer.

A year ago Steve Carlton, then the hottest pitcher in the National League, celebrated his wife's birthday by winning his 20th game and his 15th in a row for Philadelphia. The encore this year—hardly Carlton's best—was fairly *impressive, too.* Carlton beat Houston 8–3, ending a personal three-game losing streak; the flourish was that he hit a home run for what proved to be the winning margin. It was only Carlton's 11th win in 25 decisions.

The New York Mets lost four of six but still had two comforting days. Tom Seaver shut out San Diego 7–0 on just two hits, and Jon Matlack defeated the Reds 12–1 as John Milner hit his second grand-slam home run of the year.

ST. L 82-51 PITT 80-51 MONT 58-83
CHI 58-64 PHIL 80-68 NY 54-88

continued

If the world made only one kind of sound, we'd make only one kind of tape.



There are a lot of different sounds in the world.

There's music for background listening. And there's music you want to sit and listen to. Carefully and thoughtfully.

There are voices you want to record. Perhaps even different sounds. In any case, different tapes are often best for different types of recording.

If cassette recording is your thing, Scotch® has three to choose from.

Start with our Highlander. A quality cassette that gives you good reproduction at a modest price.

Or for even better sound, consider our Low Noise/High Density cassette. Great for music.

For the ultimate in quality, discover High Energy cassettes for the music you want to keep. They incorporate a major breakthrough, cobalt-energized oxide, for balanced sound and concert hall presence.

And if your preference is 8-track or open reel recording, lay your sounds on a full line of "Scotch" Brand tapes. There's one that's right for you.

"Scotch" Brand. The overwhelming choice of professional recording studios.

They never have to worry about what brand of tape to buy. And neither do you.

Buy two cassettes, get one free.

Applies to LOW NOISE/HIGH DENSITY and HIGH ENERGY cassettes (C-60's and C-90's) at participating "Scotch" Brand dealers as long as supply lasts.

SCOTCH AND HIGHLANDER ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF 3M CO.

3M COMPANY

"Scotch" Brand Tapes.

Better tapes you just can't buy.

English Leather Deodorant Stick.

One Man. One Scent.

Why have one scent fighting another? When you use our After Shave, complement it with our Deodorant Stick. It's full of that same clean fresh English Leather scent.

With one application you get plenty of long-lasting coverage and deodorant protection. And it's *your* personal deodorant. Only you use it.

Pick up a stick soon. So your underarms won't smell like something *else*.



Deodorant stick $1.75

Available in Canada

MEM COMPANY INC. Northvale, N.J. 07647 ©1973

AL WEST

With Ken Holtzman winning his 18th game 3-2 over Milwaukee, Reggie Jackson hitting his 30th homer and both injured Catfish Hunter and ineffective Blue Moon Odom apparently at full strength again, the A's were back in first place and climbing fast. Odom lasted a strong 7⅓ innings while beating Boston 3-1. When Dick Williams took him out, the manager said, "You're back in the starting rotation as of now." It all added up to seven straight wins for Oakland, a turn of events that so cheered ailing Owner Charlie Finley that he promised to be off his own disabled list in time for the stretch drive.

Kansas City's streak of nine victorious series ended when the Royals dropped two straight to the Red Sox, but sinkerball Pitcher Al Fitzmorris kept his own string alive. He won his fifth straight since being called up from Omaha of the American Association (he has allowed only seven runs in five games), and in his latest win Fitzmorris retired 20 Indians on ground balls in a game played on fast artificial turf.

In a bizarre week, Minnesota sold Lefthander Jim Kaat, who had been a Twin ever since the franchise moved from Washington in 1961, and reacquired Rich Reese, who had been unhappy in the Twin Cities when he played there in 1964-72. Despite the double dealing, Minnesota won three straight with a splurge of 35 runs and 45 hits to bring a seven-game losing streak to a halt. One victory came when Larry Hisle, swinging on the hit-and-run after missing a sacrifice-bunt attempt, broke a tie with a two-run home run. In another win, the Twins scored nine runs in one inning.

The Chicago White Sox lost three consecutive games by one run to drop their record to eight defeats in their last 10 games. Things were so bad that Catcher Ed Herrmann was hit on the head twice by backswings, suffered a concussion and did not know it. He still played the next two games. He remembered experiencing double vision while catching Wilbur Wood, but figured it was Wood's knuckleball, not the hard knocks, that caused it.

Amid talk of Manager Bobby Winkles leaving to go to the Mets, of Frank Robinson succeeding him as manager and of the club's strong arms all falling off, California won three straight. Bill Singer finally won his 16th after five tries following the All-Star game, and Nolan Ryan (14-14) struck out 13 batters, keeping him on schedule to become the first pitcher to have a 400-strikeout season.

Teen-ager David Clyde won again for the Rangers, allowing only one run while pitching his seven-inning limit. Whitey Herzog also gave Clyde, whose record is now 4-4, an extra day's rest. "He's pitched 200 innings already this year," Herzog observed, counting his high school appearances. "I've seen it happen so often. Teen-agers come into pro ball, work a lot of innings after they've pitched 150 in high school, and their arms go dead."

OAK 71-51 KC 70-54 MINN 56-61
CHI 66-66 CAL 56-63 TEX 43-77

AL EAST

The Birds went batty this week. Baltimore won six straight. Brooks Robinson, whose average is only .246, was a sizzling 4 for 4 as the Orioles outslugged the Royals 10-6. "I've always been an inside-out swinger, but earlier in the year I wasn't," he explained. "Now it's back." Don Baylor was another Oriole with a hot bat. He was 25 for 54 in his current streak when he swung so hard during a 7-4 win over Texas that the bat flew into the stands. It almost struck a young lady, who refused to return it. "Earl Weaver stood up in the dugout offering to trade another of my hats, but they didn't get it back until a policeman showed up," Baylor said. Reunited with his prized piece of lumber, Baylor went 4 for 5 that night and 5 for 5 the next.

A Hollywood saloonkeeper sent the aged Tigers a batch of "Oldies But Goodies" T shirts, but for Detroit the week was nothing but baddies as it dropped to second place. The Tigers lost four straight, including a five-hitter to Nolan Ryan.

New York split six games as Roy White and Graig Nettles each hit three home runs. Doc Medich was a double winner for the Yankees, and Lindy McDaniel picked up his fifth straight victory.

Boston also was 3-3 for the week. In three games with Oakland the Red Sox mustered only two earned runs and were scoreless for a 22-inning stretch. Roger Moret ran his record to 7-0 in a 6-4 win over the Royals, receiving help from ex-starter Marty Pattin, who had been banished to the bullpen 10 days before.

The surprising Brewers made the least surprising move of 1973: they rehired Manager Del Crandall, who is the leading candidate for Manager of the Year in the American League. George Scott, a Crandall favorite, hit his 16th, 17th and 18th homers, and Relief Pitcher Eduardo Rodriguez won his fourth game in five days as Milwaukee briefly returned to the .500 level.

Cleveland remained 19½ games out, and the chances that all the same Indians' heads will be in the lineup next year are not worth a wooden nickel. Even Gaylord Perry, who tossed a three-hitter, seems to be on the block, with rumor sending him to Kansas City. Said General Manager Phil Seghi, "I'd trade myself if I thought it would help."

BALT 67-52 DET 66-56 NY 67-56
BOS 64-57 MIL 56-61 CLEV 46-74


Our summer drink secret?
Use only fresh fruit juice
and the perfect martini gin,
Seagram's Extra Dry.
Seagram's
Extra Dry
Gin
Seagram's
Extra Dry
Gin
Seagram's Extra Dry.
The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.
Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N Y 90 Proof Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.



BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

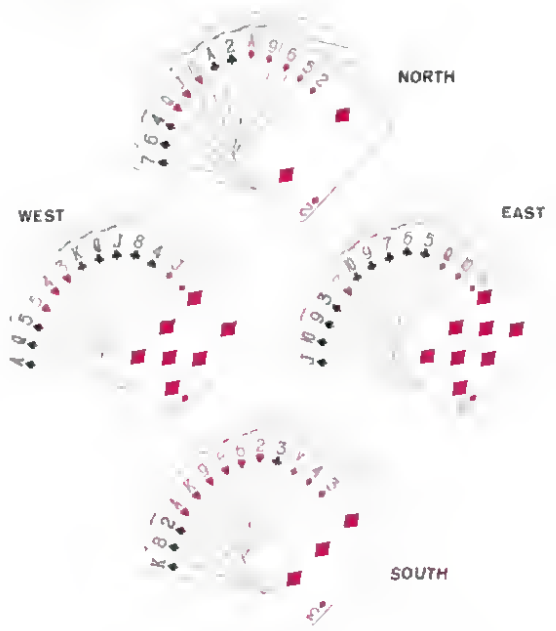
It all depends on how you look at it

It is customary in party or club bridge games to cut the cards for the deal at the start of every rubber, or series of rubbers. So you cut and you win. This gives you a choice of seat and color of cards. Now what do you do? It may sound like a frivolous matter, but I get numerous letters asking me for advice on the smart way to proceed.

Some players deliberately choose the cards and seats held by the losers of the last rubber, on the theory that the law of averages is going to even things up in the long run. A greater number opt for the seats and cards of the previous winners, because that is how the cards are running. Frankly, I don't think it makes much difference which you choose. The only advice I offer is this. ask your partner if he would like to make the choice. It is a small but fruitful way to establish good partnership rapport. And rapport alone sometimes means success.

Now let me offer you a better deal—a choice of seats *after* the cards have been dealt. The question here is whether you would choose to sit South and play the four-heart contract against a club lead, or sit West and defend. It is not an easy decision, and beware the possibility of making the right choice for the wrong reason. I would score you zero for that.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	2♣	2♦	PASS
2♥	PASS	3♥	PASS
4♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: king of clubs

You will be playing the hand pretty well if, as South, your plan is to try to pass a diamond lead to West, keeping East out of the lead so that he cannot play through your king of spades. If you succeed, and assuming that the diamonds are favorably split, you will be able to discard spades on two long diamonds and the defenders will be limited to only one diamond and one spade trick.

Suppose you take the ace of clubs, cash a high trump and lead a diamond from dummy on which East plays the 8. You must judge whether he also holds the 7. If you think not, you must go up with the king of diamonds, draw trumps and hope you can force West to win the next diamond lead. Alas. Whichever you decide, East will be able to gain the lead—if necessary, by overtaking his partner's jack of diamonds on the second lead of the suit—and play the jack of spades through your king. No matter what you do, the defenders will collect three spade tricks in addition to their diamond for down one.

As it happened, the declarer who played this hand did much better. He did not rely on his chances of making West win a diamond trick but instead made the fine play of ducking the first club lead. With West winning the king of clubs, the defenders were helpless. Whatever they did next, South could discard a diamond on dummy's ace of clubs. From there on the play becomes easy. After taking the precaution of leading only two rounds of trumps, declarer can cash the king and ace of diamonds, ending in dummy. Declarer then leads a third round of diamonds, ruffing high, after which he returns to dummy with a trump to discard two spades on dummy's fourth and fifth diamond.

If you chose to play as the declarer against a club lead and made four hearts via the play of ducking the opening king of clubs, you earn full honors. But here is the kicker—and I admit that it is a double cross of those who were shrewd enough to see the winning play. If you were willing to sit South against *any* club lead—which was the condition I stated—you overlooked something. The option of ducking the first club is denied you if West makes the unlikely lead of a *low* club! Now, no matter how you twist and turn you will not be able to prevent East from gaining the lead and playing a spade through, giving the defenders four tricks to set the contract. END

There's coolness in your future.

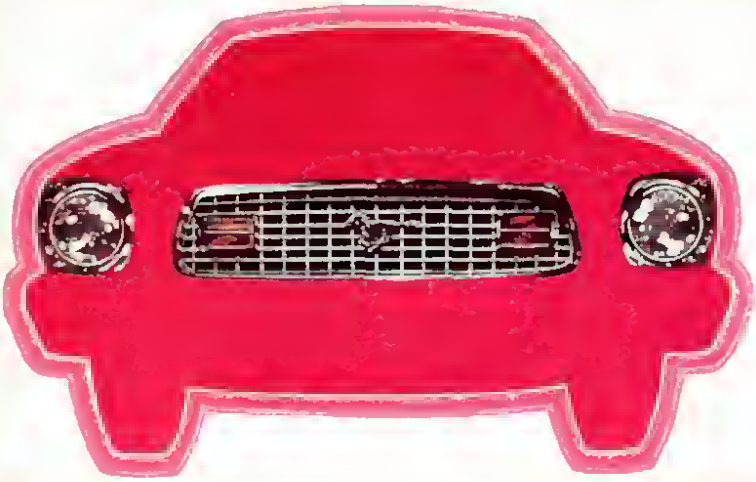


© BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP

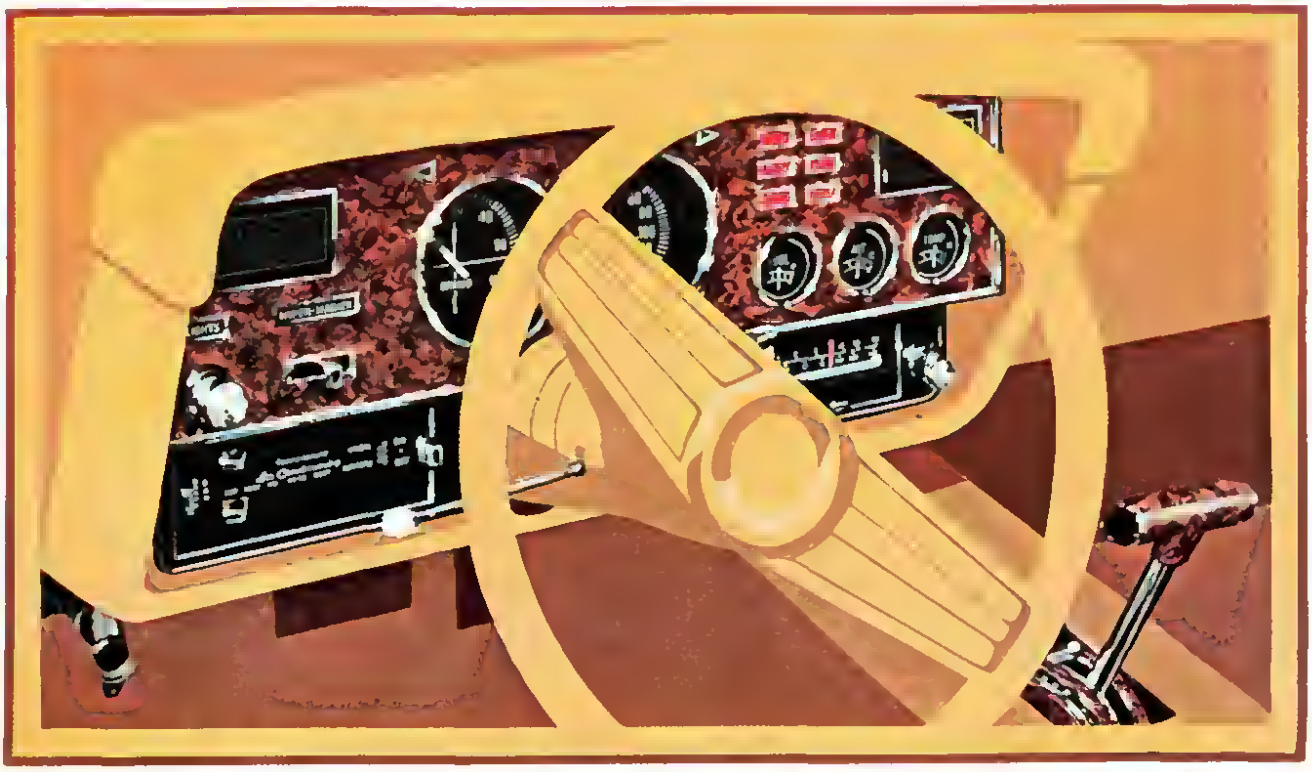
Come all the way up to KOOL

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73







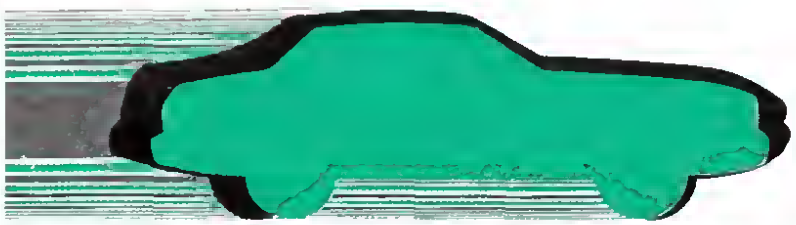




ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON MOSS

The horse that turned back into a pony

After starting small and swelling ever bigger, Mustang is suddenly small again—rolling into 1974 as a tiny luxury car. Shown at left are advance samplings of this new look, and below are before-and-after silhouettes



This is the official transcript, edited just a bit to get right to the point. It was May 23, 1968 and Henry Ford II, chairman of the board, was fielding questions from stockholders in Detroit's Ford Auditorium. Up jumped Mrs. Anna Muccioli of Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich., who owned 200 shares.

Anna Muccioli: I have just one complaint. When Thunderbird came out years ago it was a beautiful sports car. And then you blew it up to the point where it lost its identity. And now the same thing is happening with Mustang. They're blowing that one up. Why can't you just leave a sports car small?

Chairman Ford (after noting that he personally agreed): Hopefully we will keep in mind what you say here.

That was five years and several models ago; this week Anna Muccioli and fellow critics will discover that Ford has finally stopped "blowing up" the Mustang. In fact, in a historic turnaround, Mustang has shrunk back into its own identity, something American cars rarely do.

The little 1974 model is sure to attract widespread attention, since nobody knows if a car builder can successfully jump backward and also because the first Mustang stirred such a special response in 1965, selling an industry-record 418,812 in the first year. In those days Mustang was widely regarded—Anna Muccioli's reference is typical—as something of a sports car. Technically, it was nothing of the sort, but among Americans not willing to sacrifice any comforts for performance it was about as close to a sports car as they would get from Detroit. Sporty car was a more accurate label.

But then, as happens in a country with a fixation on things king size, the car grew and grew, ending up in 1973 both middle-aged and lumpy, expensive to run and often indecently overpowered. Meanwhile, smaller cars rolled ahead until finally 40% of all sales went over to the little fellows. "We didn't leave the market," Ford President Lee A. Iacocca noted last week. "The market left us."

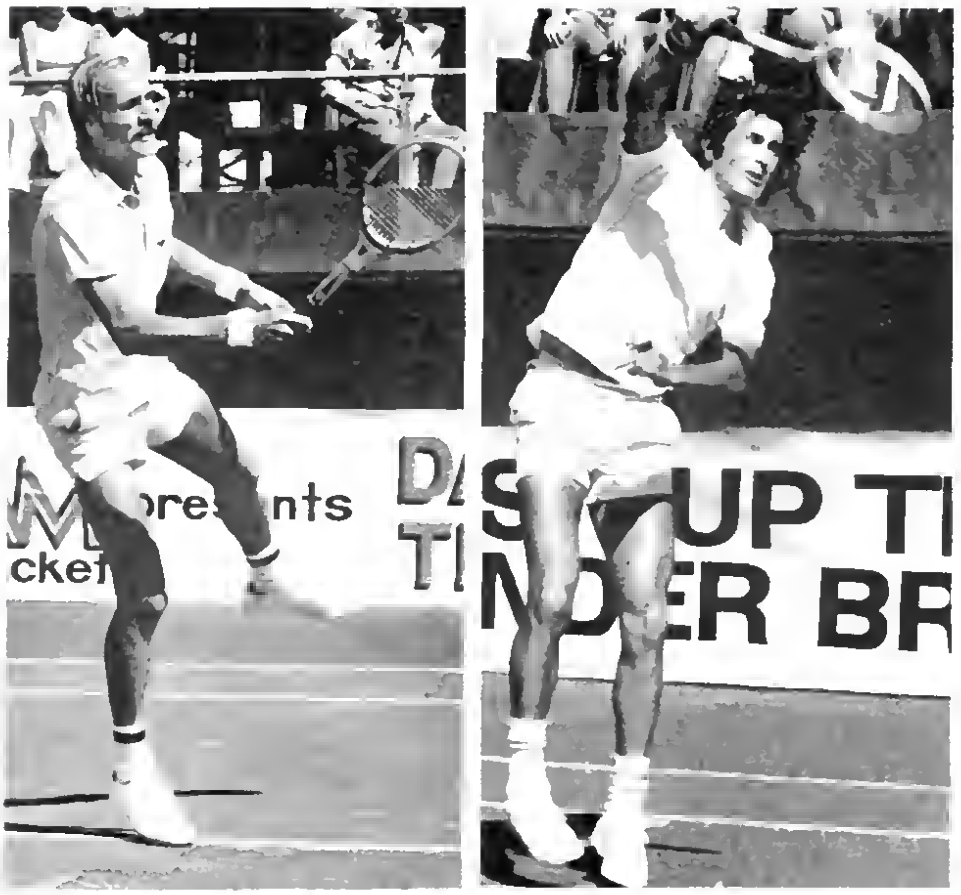
Ford secretly ordered the Big Shrink in 1970. The result is a '74 Mustang II that is 19 inches shorter overall with a 13-inch shorter wheelbase than the 1973 model, and also one inch lower and two inches wider than the 1965 original—a snappy little rascal that, while still not a true sports car, is now more sporty than ever before. And with Son of Mustang come key changes. American muscle is out and a European flair is in. The basic new power plant is a 2.3-liter, four-cylinder number—first U.S. engine built to the new metric system and first American-built Ford four since the 1932 Model B.

Lest Mustang fans panic at this projected cut in power, advance road tests show that the 102-hp engine is plenty strong enough to wheel the 2,743-pound car around in lively fashion, particularly when tied to rack-and-pinion steering and a front suspension system borrowed from competition sports cars—an isolated steel bucket miniframe within the frame. With the new size, naturally, comes added mileage. As Iacocca admitted, "Sometimes I think we're luckier than we are smart. Here we come up with a 20-mile-per-gallon car in the middle of a fuel crisis."

Still, while reducing a car is one thing, Ford's biggest gamble is really based on an economic hunch. Since the market is already up to here in small cars of all kinds, Mustang II proposes to be a luxury car as well. Iacocca puts his bet this way: "Among smaller cars the sales of cheapies are falling off, while the same size but more luxurious Datsun 240-Zs and Celicas are selling like mad. That has to be our signal."

Considering its pint size, Mustang II is packed with fancy stuff, practically a Lincoln Continental for little people. Rich carpeting abounds, even into the trunk; dashboards are aglow with velvety simulated woodgrain finishes; bucket seats are the best ever; and the center console is miniaturized elegance. A real, honest-to-goodness tachometer is standard on all models—and a tach has got to be the ultimate pagan luxury when one has an automatic transmission.

Since the cars won't go on sale until September (final price is not firm but expected to be close under $3,000), it will be some time before the vote is in from car buyers in general and Mustang buffs in particular. But for now at least, it seems that Anna Muccioli has won her battle and has her small car back. Ford's Iacocca has promised he won't blow up Mustang again. But in passing he noted that, for those who might be interested, a little bit more brutish V-6 engine is available. END



SUPER STAN and Sassy Nastase were again the dominant figures in the duel for the Cup

For the sixth straight year a U.S. team moved into the Davis Cup finals as Stan Smith's smashing game proved too much for the Rumanians

On to the Final Round

Who could forget the Battle of Bucharest? Bucharest—the capital of Rumania and tennis mania, the country with Slavic politics and a Latin temperament. It was the final round of the 1972 Davis Cup war, set in the 7,000-seat Progresul Stadium, den of the infamous rogue Ilie Nastase. The ideal time and place for the little Iron Curtain nation to knock off giant America and giant Stan Smith. The stands were full of superpatriots on the verge of apoplexy, frantic to see their heroes drink from the cup that the hoggish U.S. already had won 23 times, the cup that Rumania had twice failed to capture in matches on U.S. courts. Well, as it turned out, it didn't happen on Rumanian courts either. Nastase folded under the pressure in his hometown, Smith helped account for the three points necessary to win and the U.S. squad felt fortunate to get back across the border alive.

Last weekend, as at Cleveland Heights in 1969, Charlotte, N.C. in '71 and Bucharest in '72, America and Rumania faced each other with drawn rackets, their Davis Cup ambition and national egos ready to be inflated or pricked, and Smith and Nastase in leading roles. Once again giant America won, making its 49th entry into the final round.

This time the battle took place a long way from Bucharest and the slow clay courts Nastase and other Europeans adore so much. Also a million miles from the linesmen who had peered at the court so intently and seen only the Rumanian flag. The site was the lovely Round Hill Country Club in Alamo, Calif., 20 miles northeast of Oakland, surrounded by dry golden hills dotted with oak trees. When the players changed ends, spectators in the temporary bleachers set up on all sides of the court could stand, stretch and gaze at the hot steep slopes and easily imagine Father Junipero Serra and his followers coming over a crest and descending into the little valley to found another mission.

The court was fast cement and the crowd distinctly pro-American, except for one little pocket of Rumanians—two of them students at Cal in nearby Berkeley—who on the first afternoon unfurled a small banner that said, ROMANIA VREM CUPA (we Rumanians want the cup). The referee was neither American nor Rumanian but Canadian, Fred Bolton of British Columbia. He was imported at the last minute because the visitors understandably did not want a Yank in the job. They probably would have preferred a U.N. observation team.

The Rumanians split two other preliminary decisions. One, they wanted white balls rather than yellow. They lost. Then they complained—rightly—that there was too little space between the sides of the doubles court and the box seats. Why, poor Nastase, in chasing Smith's sharply angled volleys, would be flying into the seats more often than a pro wrestler. The distances proved to meet the minimum requirements set forth in the rules, but promoter Barry MacKay did agree that for Sunday's doubles he would move the linesmen into first-row box seats and somehow squeeze in the displaced customers elsewhere.

The fans were not exactly thrilled the first day. The draw put Smith in against 24-year-old Toma Ovici (pronounced Oveech), whose best stroke all day was the one that killed a dragonfly that was pestering him as he tried to serve. To be fair to him, it was only the second match he had ever played on cement and, of course, he was up against the No. 1-ranked player in the world. Smith chewed him up 7–5, 6–1, 6–3. It would have been worse if Smith a) had been at all inspired or b) had ever seen Ovici play before.

The second match pitted Nastase against Marty Riessen, the 31-year-old pro who had not played a Davis Cup

continued

WHAT BEGINS WHEN COLLEGE ENDS?



For many young men about to graduate from college, this is the top question. For outside those college walls there can be a world filled with disappointment, frustration, insecurity. There can also be a world that offers you the chance to show what you've got. A world that challenges your abilities and lets you really use your education.

A career as a pilot or navigator in the Air Force lets you do just that and you get respect and responsibility right off the bat. Your first step will be to attend a 12-week Officer School and then it's on to Flight School to earn those famous silver wings.

You get good pay, 30 days' paid vacation, free dental and medical care, job security, and frequent promotion.

If a secure career as a leader is what you want after college, check out what Air Force pilot or navigator training has to offer.

Send in the coupon or call 800-447-4700, toll free. (In Illinois call 800-322-4400.)

When college ends, there's a great beginning... as an Air Force officer.

Find yourself.
Fly with the Air Force.

4-SI-83

Air Force Opportunities
Box A
Randolph AFB, Texas 78148

Please send me more information. I understand there is no obligation.

Name_____
(Please Print)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Soc. Sec. #_____ Age_____

For the look of the NFL, start with Rawlings.

For hard-hitting protection, stay with Rawlings.

Pros play for keeps, so they don't take chances with football protective gear. They demand the best. Of the 26 NFL teams, 25 wear some kind of Rawlings equipment . . . pads, helmets, jerseys or pants.

And Rawlings is the only manufacturer of youth equipment officially licensed by the NFL to carry all 26 NFL team colors and emblems. With helmets and jerseys specially designed for 8 to 12 year old competition. Plus non-competitive NFL uniform gift sets for younger boys to give them the authentic look of their favorite pro.

So start now with the name you can stay with in high school, college or beyond. Rawlings: the big name in sports.

The Mark of a Pro for 75 years



Rawlings Sporting Goods Co., St. Louis, Mo. 63166 A Division of A-T-O Inc

match since 1967 and had not met Nastase in seven years. U.S. Captain Dennis Ralston picked Riessen over Tom Gorman because Gorman lost two singles matches in Bucharest last year and had a 1-15 lifetime record against Nastase. The match also pitted Nastase against the crowd, which knew all about his antics in Bucharest (and everywhere else) and his hassle with a Cincinnati official at a tournament just the previous week.

"We don't have any chance to win," Nastase said earlier. "There is not extra pressure on me really . . . just when I play Stan or Riessen. Pressure to play well for myself. Certainly I will try my best, but I see no chance, so I may be able to play more relaxed."

Relaxed he was, except on a few close line calls that went Riessen's way and when the crowd heartily applauded Nastase's double faults (Referee Bolton took the microphone at one point and pleaded for fairness). In the third game at 40–15 Riessen had a nearly empty court to hit into and a fat, juicy yellow balloon hanging above the net waiting for his forehand—and he hit it out. Nastase went on to break him, was never broken himself in the match and won 6–2, 6–4, 6–2. He actually won more easily than Smith and looked as much at home on a hard surface as a souped-up highway patrol car.

The doubles on Sunday lacked the fire and flamboyance of Bucharest because Nastase was generally on his good behavior and Carpathian terror Ion Tiriac, who had represented Rumania in Cupa Davis competition for the past 13 years, was not among the Ions, Ilies and Cristeas in this delegation. Nastase's partner was Ionel Santeiu, and their record in earlier Davis Cup rounds—losses to The Netherlands and the Soviet Union and a victory over New Zealand—was hardly enough to frighten the U.S. combination of Smith and Erik van Dillen.

Smith, nicknamed Godzilla by Nastase and called The Leaning Tower of Pasadena by others, and van Dillen, extremely quick at the net, had an 8-1 Davis Cup record over three years, their most impressive victory coming against Nastase-Tiriac last year when they scored 15 straight points in one gutsy, lucky stretch. It was naturally to their advantage that they were playing in their home state and on cement, a familiar surface. Smith and van Dillen also had the comfort of a family rooting section. Stan's parents—who had moved from California to South Carolina and back again—had come north from their condominium in Newport Beach. Erik's parents had only an hour's drive from San Mateo, where his stepfather owns the *San Mateo Times*.

Still, they had been forced to battle for 122 games, five sets and six hours in Little Rock before beating Jaime Fillol and Patricio Cornejo of Chile, so maybe Ilie and Ionel did have a chance. Nope. The U.S. won easily, 6–2, 7–5, 6–2. Van Dillen was so acrobatic that someone could have been firing a pistol from across the net and he would have managed to get his racket on the bullets. In one rat-a-tat rally late in the third set he made three incredible volleys and half-volleys in a row, like an ice-hockey goalie under siege from the Canadiens' best line. Smith, as amazed a spectator as anybody else, bowed to him, and the crowd gave him a standing ovation. The *San Mateo Times* probably hauled out its biggest, blackest banner-headline type since Armstrong stepped on the moon.

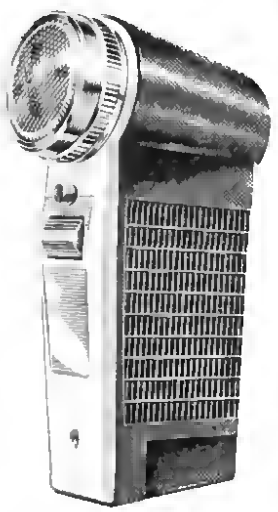
Of course, it was a nice afternoon's work for Smith, too. He had won his Davis Cup match, and at just about the same time he and van Dillen were playing he could be seen beating Cliff Richey on a taped TV show.

Thus, the U.S. went into Monday afternoon's matches with a 2–1 lead, as expected, and Rumania had to take both singles in order to win. If Ovici could somehow beat Riessen, the whole thing would boil down to the last match. Perfect casting: Godzilla vs. Nasty, "the two best tennis players in the world" according to Ralston and just about everybody else.

To hell with high drama, said Riessen, who felt that a few key points had made "all the difference in the world" in his loss of the first match to Nastase. Taking full advantage of his experience, Riessen beat young Ovici, who played surprisingly well, 6–1, 4–6, 6–1, 7–5, turning the big match between Smith and Nastase into a mere exhibition.

America's opponent in the next and final Davis Cup round will be decided by the Australia-Czechoslovakia matches to be held in Sydney in mid-November. The winner, most likely Australia, comes to Cleveland Nov. 30, Dec. 1, 2 to meet Smith & Co. in the first indoor final in the 73-year history of cup pursuit. **END**

CRAZY OFFER



Rechargeable Havershaver just an incredible $19.95

Yes, it's really crazy! You would expect to pay at least $30 for a shaver like this—but, in order to gain you as a customer and friend we are offering it here at the incredible price of just $19.95. We don't blame you for being a little wary. How can a truly quality product sell at such a price? Here are the reassuring facts. Havershaver features paper thin shaving foil and four self sharpening blades that cover the entire area of the large shaving head and spin at a speedy 3600 rpm. This combination will give you a fantastically clean and close shave. The nickel cadmium power plant takes 500 recharges, each good for 20 to 30 shaves. So it should last you for many years. And of course, there's our Guarantee. Try the Havarshaver for two weeks and if you don't think it's the greatest shaving experience ever, pack it up, send it back and we'll promptly refund your money. We also guarantee against manufacturers defects for one full year—repair or replace free of cost, only charge for postage and handling. And that isn't all. We will also send you our colorful 64 page Catalog AND (will wonders never cease?) a $2.00 Gift Certificate that you can apply to your next purchase. So if you like things really smooth and wish to take advantage of this crazy bargain, send for your Havershaver today. You'll love it and be our friend for life.

Send me the Havershaver. My check for $20.95 (19.95 plus $1.00 for postage and insurance—California deliveries please add tax) is enclosed.

Name_____

Address_____

_____ Zip_____

364

haverhill's

584 Washington, San Francisco 94111

SI0827

BACKPACKING IS GREAT!

Be properly shod with famous Chippewa® patented Kush N Koltar Beckpackers Boots for men and women





Men's model—5260
Women's model—2334
Suggested retail Men's—$45.00
Women's—$41.00

Chippewa features:

- Patented Kush N Koltar™ Design! (US Patent 3545107, Design Patent 21936)
- Comfort Padded Overtey Gussets!
- Attractive Slotted Saddle Patterns!
- Padded Quarters for Comfort!
- Genuine Goodyear Welts—Made in USA!
- Vibram Soles
- Speed Lacing and Speed Hooking!

WRITE FOR COLORFUL ILLUSTRATED CATALOG AND NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER

CHIPPEWA SHOE CO.
7072 W. River St.
Chippewa Falls, Wisc. 54729

MONEY.

For bulls, bears, speculators & spendthrifts.

MONEY is the new monthly magazine that whips up ideas and insights on managing your *personal* finances ideas that help you guide and drive your discretionary income so that when you buy sell save or invest, you and your family get the best value for your dollars

MONEY Magazine from Time Incorporated It's a refreshing after-hours tonic A great way to mix pleasure and profit A capital idea and a sound investment for big and small spenders

To receive a full year (12 issues) of MONEY for $12 simply call this toll-free number 800-621-8200 (in Illinois 800-972-8302) Or write to MONEY 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago Ill 60611 **Money**

For Carol it was Semple

The first two acts of the Women's Amateur Championship last week were drawing-room comedy, the last was drama but the resolution was plain soap opera In the end the deserving ingenue won the silver loving cup and dedicated it to her mother while the Other Woman went home to tend her garden and family

In its early rounds a USGA tournament for women amateurs resembles a summertime house party Most of the players have met and played each other before some of them every year for decades At midday in the dining room and at sunset on the terraces they mingle with club members and relatives, and if they have been around a while and know the right people they spend their nights as guests in the nearby homes of hospitable members. At least that is the way it is when the tournament is played at a venue like the Montclair Golf Club in New Jersey, which is old (1893), affluent and determinedly genteel.

While more than half the field of 149 was shooting 82s or worse and failing to qualify on the first day, or eliminating each other at match play over the next three, the club members continued to play the other 18 and the tennis players plonked from morning till night, and the children in the pool near the first tee did their best to swallow their squeals. Such galleries as there were made more noise slapping mosquitoes than applauding golf shots.

By Friday and the semifinals, the cast of characters was down to four—the clubwoman, the patrician, the coed and the working girl Donna Horton, a sophomore at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, who is small, blonde, unknown and says "yes, ma'am" a lot, was the surprise of the early rounds, mainly because she knocked off Jane Bastanchury Booth, one of the favorites and veteran of two Curtis Cup teams, 2 and 1 Donna had the misfortune to run into Anne Sander in the semis and lost 5 and 3, but said it didn't matter because "I'm just so happy to be here."

Anne Sander is a new name for a familiar face in golf. In 1958, when she was Anne Quast, a Stanford junior from Marysville, Wash., she won her first amateur, she followed that in 1961 with another as Anne Decker, and another in 1963 as Anne Welts This summer, after a three-year layoff devoted to marrying Stephen Sander, a stockbroker, having a second child and tending her garden alongside the sixth fairway at Seattle's Broadmoor Golf Club, she was back at 35, determined to put Sander into the record books and playing some of the best golf of her life.

Her comeback began at the British Women's Amateur, where she was medalist by *seven* strokes A few weeks later at the Women's Open in Rochester, N.Y., she finished fourth, her best placing ever against the pros. And she had been mopping up on the hilly 6,032-yard Montclair course, too, closing out each of her matches with at least three holes to go.

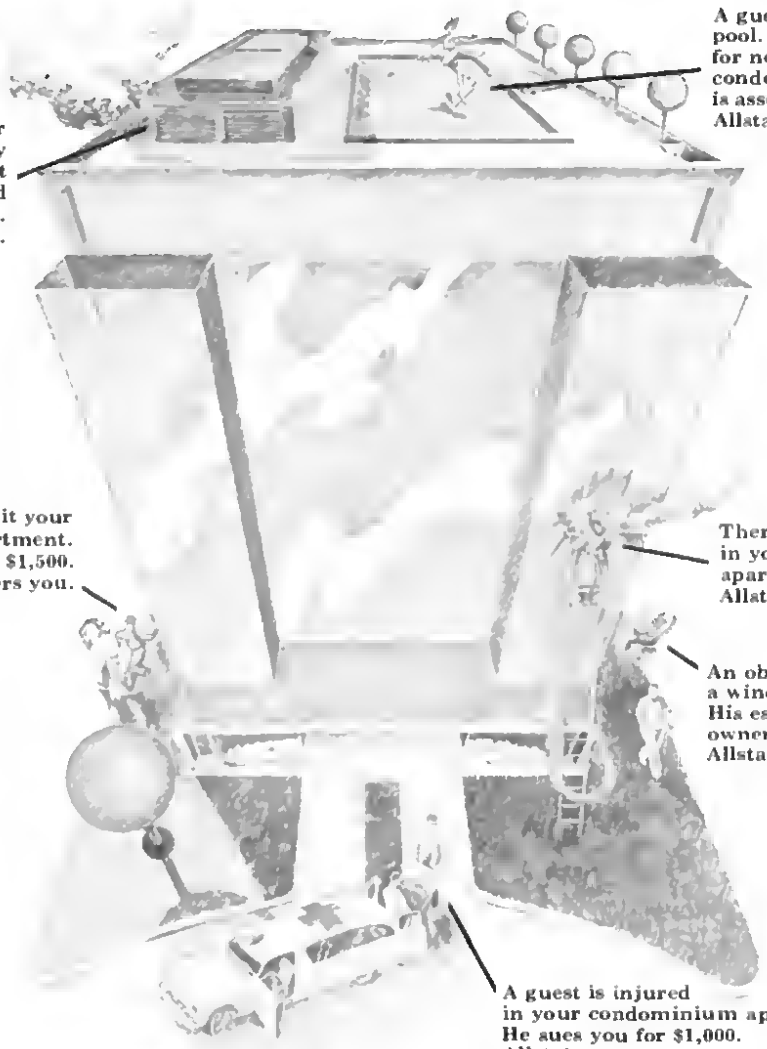
The other semifinal was match play at its best Both players were virtually unknown outside regional events and each had improved her game impressively over the last year Bonnie Lauer graduated in physical education from Michigan State in June, having won both the Intercollegiate and Mid-Western Collegiate for 1973 and having been the first woman athlete ever named MSU's Spartan of the Year The Amateur was her last tournament on the summer circuit before taking a job in California to see what it is like to play the year round.

Carol Semple, her opponent, had reached the semis by beating, among others, Mary Budke, the defending champion Carol, a tall, loose-jointed 24-year-old blonde with a big rhythmic swing, was born to amateur golf and the life that nurtures it She was raised on the fairways of Pittsburgh's venerable Allegheny Country Club by a father who is a two-handicapper and vice-president of the USGA and a mother who has played in some 20 Women's Amateurs, despite never having gotten further than the quarterfinals Her teacher from the time she took up the game at 12 until she was

continued

Announcing Allstate's Condominium Owners Policy

Insurance made exclusively for the condominium dweller.



The air conditioner catches fire. Every apartment unit owner is assessed $300 for repairs. Allstate covers you.

A guest is injured in the pool. She sues the association for negligence. Every condominium unit owner is assessed $500. Allstate covers you.

Burglars hit your condominium apartment. Loss is $1,500. Allstate covers you.

There is a fire in your condominium apartment. Damage is $1,100. Allstate covers you.

An object falls from a window and hits a passerby. His estate sues. Every unit owner is assessed $1,000. Allstate covers you.

A guest is injured in your condominium apartment. He sues you for $1,000. Allstate covers you.

Here is insurance designed especially to cover many of the different hazards that a condominium dweller faces.

First of all, Allstate protects the furniture in your apartment, your clothing and most other personal belongings against loss from hazards such as fire, burglary and vandalism. Gives you protection through personal liability coverage, too.

And that's just the start.

Allstate's Loss Assessment Coverage* goes on to protect you against many assessments for damage to property owned by the condominium association.

You see, in a condominium, every unit owner is liable for damage.

All condominium property, except for individually-owned apartment units, is common property owned by the association of condominium unit owners.

It is normally protected by the association's insurance, paid for by all the condominium unit owners.

But this insurance may *not* be adequate. In that case, when an expense hits the association, all members can be assessed to pay the bill.

But now, Allstate's new Condominium Owners' Insurance provides Loss Assessment Coverage. It picks up where your association insurance may leave off. Check with your Allstate agent for all the details.

Another important feature

If you rent out your condominium apartment to somebody else (for the summer, for example), we'll continue your policy's coverage against losses happening in your absence, for an additional charge.

Allstate®
You're in good hands.

Available in most states. Naturally all coverage is subject to deductibles.

*Basic assessments coverage is $1,000. This can be increased to $50,000 for a few dollars.

this new palm-sized machine may be the greatest breakthrough in dictating equipment since the invention of magnetic tape



only $99.95

We don't have to sell you on the convenience or necessity of dictating equipment. But, most dictating equipment is desk bound and so called 'portable' machines are often cumbersome and heavy, have bad reproduction, use non standard tapes of short capacity and are limited in features and performance

But Murac Micromatic is different and better. It is a complete breakthrough in design and engineering and has features and performance never before seen in any portable equipment

First of all, the Murac Micromatic is light and small. It weighs just 20 oz and measures $5\frac{1}{2}$x $3\frac{1}{2}$x$1\frac{1}{2}$". It fits easily in the palm of your hand and you can comfortably carry it in your pocket or on your wrist

It has the clarity and fidelity that you'd expect in a fine concert recorder. This performance is assured by its built-in condenser microphone, wow/flutter of less than 0.3%, frequency response of 150 to 8 000 Hz, and dynamic speaker with 400 mW output

And here is the operational breakthrough that distinguishes the Murac Micromatic. It is a **one-button instrument.** Yes, one button does it all—recording, playback, fast forward or rewind. Even to pause temporarily in recording or playback, is done with a hold button and with just one finger

Naturally, the Murac Micromatic uses standard 1 or 2 hr. tape cassettes available anywhere. It's great for taping lectures and conferences. Its built in 3 digit counter lets you locate any segment of the tape fast and accurately

With the Murac Micromatic you may use any standard cassette tape player for transcription. No need to tie up the machine itself or use specialized transcribing equipment. When traveling, just dictate and mail your tape. Naturally, if you prefer, you can use the Murac Micromatic itself for transcribing

This remarkable instrument is simply loaded with features. Here are some others: ■ Built-in IC line amplifier for perfect recording any time ■ Easy-load pop-up cassette door ■ Built-in battery strength meter ■ Built-in recording level guide. Input jack for remote control mike. Output jack for earphones or speaker ■ AC adapter for playing through AC outlets ■ Uses four standard batteries

The best surprise, perhaps, about the Murac Micromatic is the price. It's just $99.95. Compare this value with other recorders selling for $150 or more

Standard equipment for the Murac Micromatic is: ■ the AC adapter ■ earphone ■ set of four batteries ■ one blank cassette ■ vinyl carry case with lanyard

The Recording Accessory Kit contains: deluxe fitted carry case with hand/shoulder strap, remote microphone, cigarette lighter adapter for car use, six blank cassettes with index cards and four batteries

The Transcribing Accessory Kit contains: foot pedal, twin ear set and telephone pick up

Order the Murac Micromatic system in full confidence and add hours of efficiency to your every workday. We give you a two-week unquestioned return privilege and one-year guarantee for parts and workmanship (we repair free, only charge for postage and insurance)

Please send me: ☐ Standard Murac Micromatic $99.95
☐ Recording Accessory Kit $29.95 ☐ Transcribing Kit $19.95
☐ My check for this amount (Calif. deliv. add tax) plus $2 for post. and insur. is enclosed
Charge my ☐ BA, ☐ MC Card, # _____ Expires _____
Signature _____ (For MC or BA only)
Name _____
Address _____
_____ Zip _____

haverhill's
369 Washington Street
San Francisco Calif. 94111

SI0822

20 was none other than Bobby Cruickshank, the little Scottish pro who tied Bobby Jones in the 1923 Open and lost in the playoff.

Carol fidgeted her way nervously through the front nine of the semis against Lauer, but even so was one up at the turn. Then Bonnie, who throughout the tournament looked as though she were *actually enjoying* the game, won three of the next four holes. After they had halved 14 and 15, Semple was two down with three to play. But at the 147-yard par-3 16th she laced an iron that landed nine feet from the pin and sank a birdie putt that whacked the back side of the cup. "That sparked me a little," she said. One down and two to go. When Bonnie left a chip short at 17, Carol won the hole with a par, closing her eyes tight while waiting for her turn to hit. "I try to picture each shot before I hit it and that's the only way I can concentrate." A well envisioned 60-foot chip that almost went in at 18 gave her a final birdie, her third straight hole, and the match.

The 36-hole final on Saturday was a genuine blow struck for old-fashioned excellence-for-its-own-sake amateurism, though you would not have known it by listening to the by now good-sized gallery. The clans had gathered—Semple's consisting of her father, flown in from a USGA function in Canada, her little sister Cherry, Bobby Cruickshank, aunts and uncles, most of the club people and, of course, the underdog rooters, and Sander's, made up of her husband and a few fans with historical perspective.

After the morning round Sander was one up but unsettled going to lunch, since she had lost the 18th with two shots into the rough and three putts. By the 6th hole in the afternoon, though, all that was forgotten. She had stretched her lead to three holes, and her smooth, economical and effortless-looking swing was working as it had throughout the tournament and the years. But at the par-3 7th, Semple narrowly missed a hole in one, and the whole day began to turn around. Of the next seven holes Sander was able to take only one. When at 15 she gambled on a five-wood out of a fairway bunker and lost, the match was even. At 17 she was bunkered again to go one down, Carol parring the hole, and when she missed a 35-foot birdie putt on the final hole, the Amateur title belonged to Carol Semple. Anne Sander gave her a hug. She remembered how nice it is to win. **END**

The Getaway Porsche

When you want to fly the coop, the 914 is the coupe to fly with.

It hugs and corners rugged winding roads as only a mid-engine car can.

It has a 5-speed gearbox and rack and pinion steering, so it really reacts.

And the 914 has a built-in feeling of freedom about it.

It has as much legroom as a luxury sedan.

A roof that snaps off in seconds when you want to taste the wind.

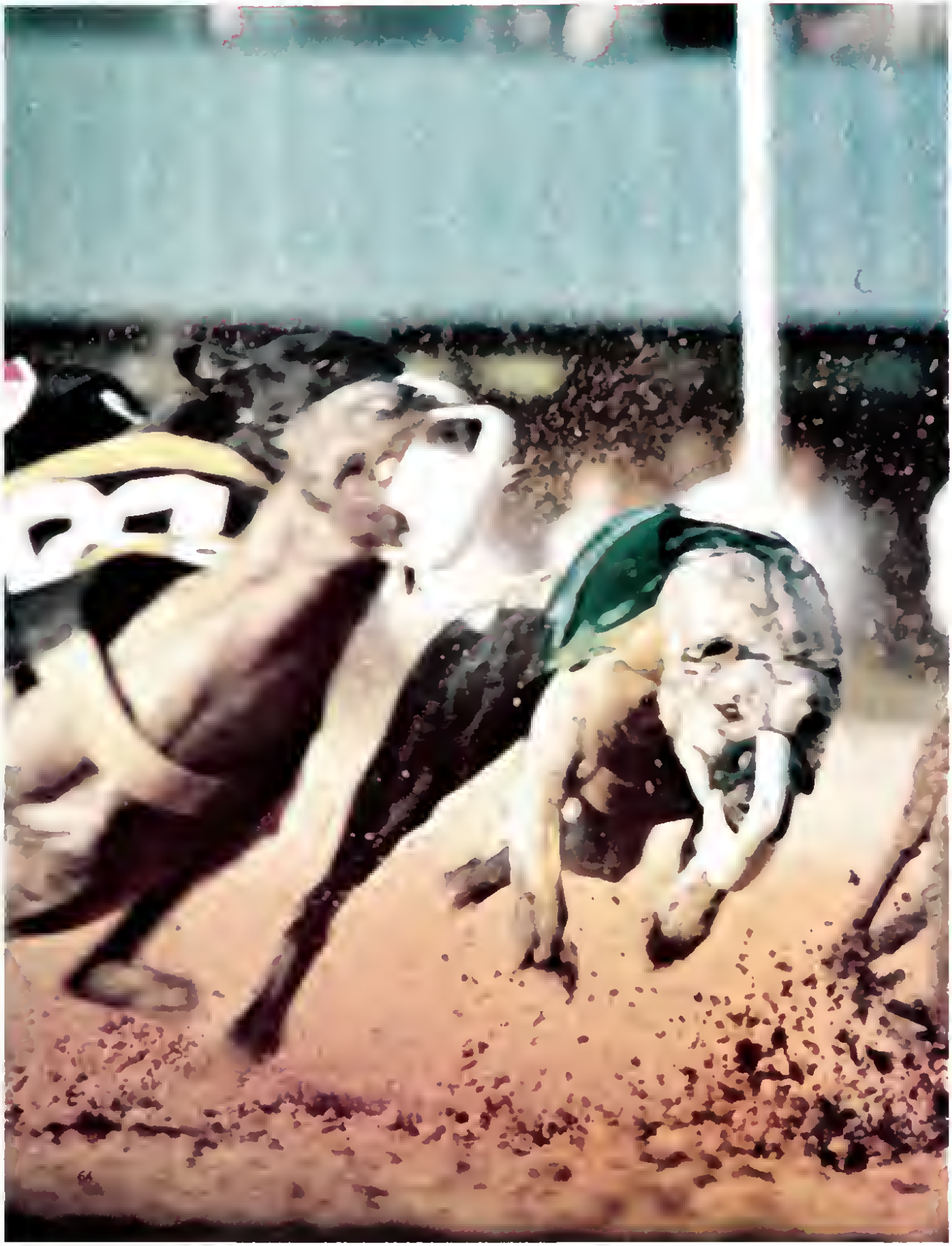
Bucket seats that fit to the body.

And 2 roomy trunks, so there's nothing between the two of you but what's between the two of you.

For getting out of the doldrums, there's nothing like getting into a Porsche.



RUN, RABBIT,



RUN

No harebrained scheme, inventor Owen Smith's mechanical bunny put greyhound racing on the track, helped the Feds nab Al Capone and is one reason the dogs are America's best bet

by ROBERT CANTWELL



CONTINUED

During the fourth race at the Bonita Springs dog track in Florida not long ago, a big black greyhound named Happy Marty fell going around the first turn. He got up to race on but reversed directions, passing the grandstand again all alone. In the control tower high above the track the lure operator, John Braham, who had seen such things happen before, speeded up the mechanical rabbit as fast as it would go—about 96 mph—to put it far beyond the reach of the seven other dogs in the race.

Then, when the rabbit was coming off the backstretch, Braham cut the power completely and let it coast as it approached the oncoming dog. The mechanical lure is a big contraption about two feet long, a fleecy, white artificial beast made of spring steel covered with the sort of imitation sheepskin used to make the linings of inexpensive winter coats. It has enormous gleaming ruby-red eyes and costs $35 at the factory. It is not designed to fool dogs into thinking it is a real rabbit; rather it is made to look like a rabbit to people watching in the distant grandstand. Happy Marty took one look at the apparition coming toward him, turned tail and headed back the way he should have run in the first place. "If that dog had wheeled to the outside," said Braham, "I would have missed him. But he wheeled to the inside, and the arm holding the rabbit hit him right on the butt."

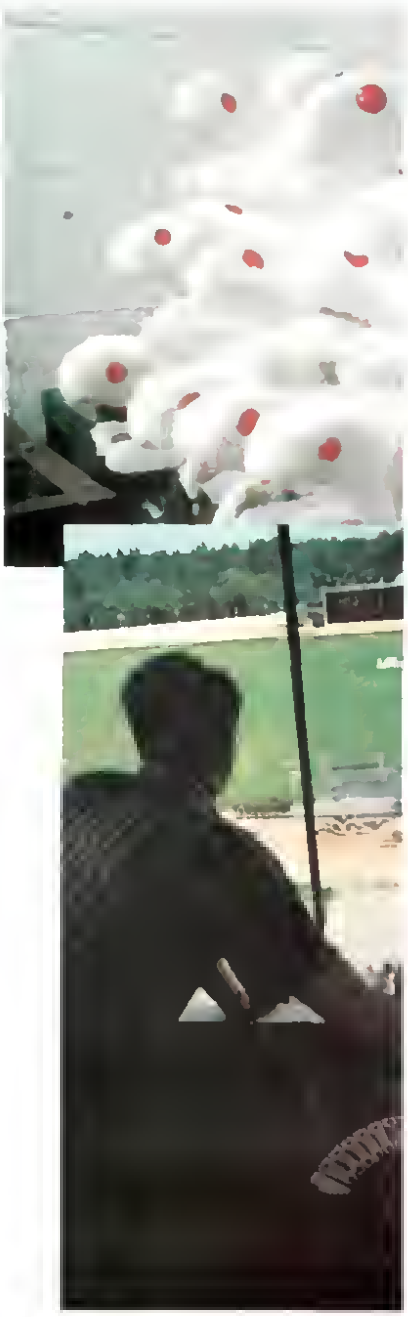
The other dogs were now coming close so Braham had to speed up the lure once more. Thus Happy Marty and the rabbit scooted together toward the finish line. Braham cut the power again to let the dog go free, and Happy Marty took off with a rocket burst of speed seen only when a dog has been frightened out of its wits by—well, a large rabbit. The greyhound drew away fast, and with a fine finishing burst crossed the wire six lengths in front of the rabbit, which in turn was a scant four rabbit-lengths ahead of the lead dog of the rest of the pack. "No, Happy Marty wasn't hurt," said Braham. "Just bruised a little. But the NO RACE sign was flashed on the tote board immediately."

At a large track such as Flagler in Miami a canceled race can be rescheduled for later, but how do you make up the loss of an incalculable amount of goodwill from the bettors? Consequently everything possible is done to make sure that nothing goes wrong with the rabbit. That synthetic animal now operates so efficiently that it is rare if there is more than one breakdown a season at each of the 40 tracks in the United States, perhaps 40 cancellations out of a total of approximately 40,000 races. Still, accidents do happen, and the folklore of lure operators is filled with tales of living creatures, including turtles, real rabbits and cats—especially cats—that wander onto tracks and suddenly find themselves, instead of the mechanical rabbit, the designated quarry of a pack of speeding greyhounds.

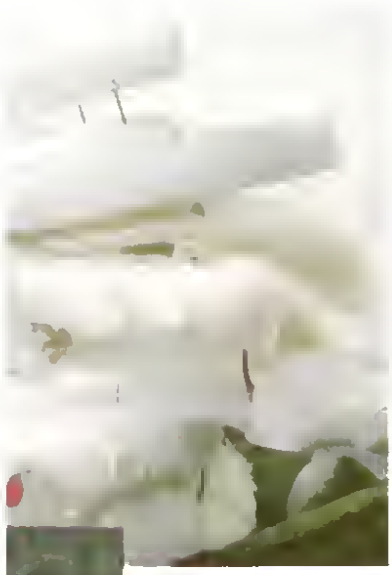
The folklore also includes some mechanical failures, such as the time at the Daytona Beach greyhound track when the power went off and the lure hung motionless in midair. Most of the dogs, after a moment of confusion, raced on—with no apparent desire to have anything to do with an airborne rabbit. At another track an inexperienced dog took off in the wrong direction until it encountered that monstrous red-eyed rabbit coming straight toward it at high speed. Trying to get away, the dog was knocked down by the arm holding the rabbit, which is purposely suspended high over the track so it will not hit a dog across the legs. The surprised greyhound bounded up, cleared a fence, ran down through a ditch to an exit ramp, evaded a dozen men, scooted under the turnstiles, streaked across a parking lot and disappeared into a nearby woods.

There is something disquieting about a mechanical rabbit if you see one eyeball to eyeball. When modern American greyhound racing with mechanical lures began in 1919 every effort was made to duplicate real rabbits in order to fool the dogs into thinking they were after the genuine thing. For many years they were stuffed, padded, sewed and otherwise costumed until they were almost indistinguishable from a live animal. But when it was learned that greyhounds did not care at all how the lures looked, things went the opposite way. At White City in London one night the fog was so heavy the dogs could not see the rabbit, so an enterprising track operator fastened a red light to the mechanical creature's tail. The dogs raced after the light as though they believed rabbits had always been so equipped by nature.

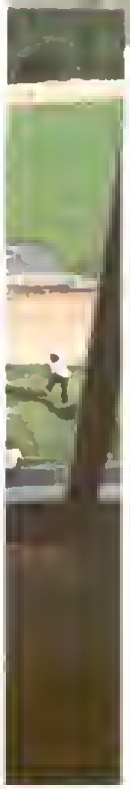
These days the mechanical rabbit suggests some vanished species, a predatory monster straight out of a cave drawing, but it is also completely modern, an altogether artificial species of Lepus. It is an ideal robot. no brains, no blood, no guts, glassy-eyed, unfeeling, indifferent to nervous dogs and nervous bettors. And it fulfills the purpose for which it was created so effectively that last year American bettors alone wagered some $875 million to watch packs of dogs chase futilely after it.



Perhaps a vague dislike for the mechanical rabbit accounts for the extreme obscurity that hides its inventor. Nobody in the history of any sport brought about a change comparable to that worked by the inventor of the device, and yet no inventor in sports history is so little known. The few references to him in standard works do not even agree on his name or his birthplace. He was Oliver P. Smith, according to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, or Oliver B. Smith, in *The World Book*. Depending on whom you choose to believe, he was from Oklahoma, Arkansas or California. The *Britannica* says that Smith first tested his invention in Tucson in 1909. Another authority says Smith first developed the contraption in Houston in 1912, while others say it happened on various dates in Salt Lake City, Tulsa or Emeryville, Calif.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER



During races, modern mechanical rabbits with their red plastic stares are controlled with an antique rheostat like the one at Florida's Bonita Springs.

Aside from a few, often contradictory, recollections in greyhound journals, there is little in print concerning Smith. There is one notable exception—he is mentioned in some biographies of Al Capone. They are passing mentions for the most part, the sense of which is that Smith's rabbit was indirectly responsible for Capone's downfall. That is essentially true. Capone blasted his way past hundreds of rival mobsters, bribed public officials, intimidated witnesses and got away with murder, only to be felled by a mechanical bunny.

Smith was no gangster and he had nothing to do with the mobsters who moved into greyhound racing when it became profitable. His true name was Owen Patrick Smith (1869-1927) and he was the son of a Memphis funeral director. A good athlete, he was ingenious and adept at building things but had no engineering training of any kind. Until his mid-20s Smith worked in various Midwestern towns at a variety of jobs, including barbering. By 1905 he was the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Hot Springs, S. Dak., a small railroad stop in a region of ghost towns and worked-out mines near the Wyoming and Nebraska borders.

Although he had never seen greyhounds run, Smith was called upon to organize a coursing meet to promote Hot Springs' generally ignored attractions. Around the turn of the century, coursing was a popular Sunday afternoon entertainment in the Midwest, a farm country adaptation of old English greyhound coursing. Two owners matched their dogs in each event. The park was a quarter-mile expanse of fenced-in prairie, and a handler, known as the slipper, held the two dogs on a leash at one end of it. A jackrabbit was released some distance in front of them, and when the rabbit had built up a lead of about 200 feet the leash was slipped and the dogs took off after it.

"When the dogs got it, the rabbit screamed like a baby," says Murray Kemp, who is now the president and general manager of the Multnomah Kennel Club track in Portland, Ore. and was once Owen Smith's bookkeeper, chauffeur and confidential assistant. "It really sounds quite a bit like a child's scream." A ruddy-cheeked individual with spiky white hair, Kemp has spent half a century around dog tracks and is an expert on crowd psychology. He is highly regarded in the business because he once drew more than 30,000 spectators to his track, the biggest crowd in the history of American greyhound racing. Kemp says Smith began to think of some way to eliminate the cruelty in coursing, the feature of the sport that tended to hold the crowds down.

Searching for information on how to run the meet, Smith met a bar owner named George Sawyer. A large jovial farm boy, Sawyer was described as a man who "liked the thrill of wagering, liked money and knew how to get it and how to keep it." He was a natural promoter, with a large store of jokes which he told with a stutter. History has failed to preserve any of these hilarious anecdotes, but to judge from the way Sawyer persuaded otherwise prudent small-town citizens to invest in dog tracks, he must have practically convulsed them with laughter first. In any event, under Sawyer's guidance, Smith organized the coursing meet and it drew a large crowd.

This caused Smith to begin thinking of a series of meets, an organized national greyhound racing circuit with regularly scheduled events like major league baseball. Sawyer drew back from the idea and returned to California, where he operated a bar and nightclub and, later on, a boxing arena. Meanwhile, Smith went from one coursing meet to another, trying to drum up support for his greyhound racing league, but he could not find any takers.

By 1907 Smith was at Salt Lake City, experimenting with dragging a dummy rabbit behind a motorcycle. His attempts to convince greyhound owners, a skeptical breed at best, that their dogs would chase a fake rabbit as enthusiastically as they chased real rabbits were not entirely successful. What he did not realize was that greyhound owners did not want to learn anything of the sort; their reaction was akin to that of a lover who is given proof that his sweetheart is false to him and who is consequently angry at the person supplying the information.

continued



Our newest copier lets this many secretaries make single copies of single originals in 60 seconds flat.

The extraordinary 23-secretary demonstration you see above might never occur under normal office conditions.

But when you think of the waiting you've done to make copies under normal office conditions, you should appreciate the point it makes about the IBM Copier II.

You see, this plain-paper copier has a special document feed that lets you feed in your originals continuously, without centering. It ejects them automatically. And it doesn't make you wait around for your copies to actually appear.

All of which can have a startling effect on how long it takes from the time you start making copies until you have them in hand. Or what we in word pro-



cessing refer to as "throughput."

Aside from being fast, our Copier II is versatile enough to copy books, halftones, blueprints, even three-dimensional objects.

It features a special price-ceiling plan that lets you know beforehand what the limits of your copying costs will be, no matter how many copies you make.

And along with crisp, sharp copies, it gives you the same reliability people have come to expect from other IBM office equipment.

Call our Office Products Division, and one of our Representatives will be happy to tell you more about the IBM Copier II.

The copier that waits for you, instead of you waiting for it.

IBM
Word Processing

The owners seemed to feel Smith had publicly exposed a flaw in their beloved animals, something they might have suspected but which they did not admit to themselves.

Sawyer, who was in the chips now, agreed to give Smith some financial backing, and in 1910 the inventor secured a patent for the Inanimate Hare Conveyor, the first of some 40 patents he took out in connection with greyhound racing. Then, in Houston, Smith met and married Hannah Kummings, one of 12 children of an Indiana farmer. About that same time Smith made the acquaintance of Tom Keen, a young self-taught electrical mechanic. With Keen's assistance Smith built a small straight track for his mechanical rabbit. The track was buried in a ditch. An overhead arm, projecting through a slot, carried the rabbit down the course. The experiment failed. "As I understand it, water seeped into the ditch and short-circuited the equipment," says Kemp.

"We were church-mouse poor," says Edward Smith, the inventor's son, "but somehow my father would always find food. He was marvelous with his hands. He invented a window-locking device, but he was 50 years ahead of his time on that one. When we lived in New Orleans he invented a lid-locking garbage can. He sold the patent for $100 to get some food in the house. The man who bought it made a lot of money, but he was very good about it. My father loved cigars, and this man would often hand my father a 50¢ cigar, which was quite a good one in those days, all wrapped up in a $100 bill."

Encouraged by such unexpected generosity, Smith again set out to buttonhole greyhound owners. But with his neatly inconspicuous dress, his quiet air, the thin mustache that made him look like a riverboat gambler and his shortage of funds, he suggested a confidence man rather than an inventor. He would have had a hard time selling U.S. Treasury notes, let alone stock in a patented rabbit.

It was not until 1919, or 14 years after his great idea first came to him, that Smith at last had a chance to make a full-scale test of his device. George Sawyer's boxing arena in Oakland was being torn down, and Sawyer was willing to move the lumber to property he owned in Emeryville. There it was used to build a grandstand for a dog track. Sawyer and Smith organized the Blue Star Amusement Company, secured the backing of a few Oakland businessmen and planned an expenditure of some $10,000.

Sawyer was now the owner of vineyards, which in those early days of Prohibition was a good or a bad thing, depending on how one regarded the law. The dog track meant far less to him than it did to Smith. Costs mounted to more

HOW TO BEAT THE DOGS

The simple reason greyhound racing is booming appears to be that it is fun, maybe more fun than any other form of gambling. It's informal and it's fast, a tabloid version of horse racing. The whole drama from start to finish takes hardly 30 seconds, and then before you know it there's another race coming up. Most tracks run off a race every 17 minutes; you can watch an entire 12-race program in less time than it takes to catch the first eight races at a thoroughbred track.

The rugged individualism of the greyhound contributes mightily to the excitement of the sport. They are the fastest-sprinting dogs of any breed. They want to get to that rabbit first—even though they know very well that it isn't a real bunny. The idea of slowing down the pace, like a jockey rating a horse, is foreign to the greyhound's nature.

Most greyhounds have their own preferred patterns of running. Some like to stick on the rail, some 10 feet out, some so wide that they seem to skim off the outside fence. Then there are some that hug the rail on the straightaways and go wide on the turns, or their mirror images, who run the other way, outside on straightaways, inside on turns. Whatever path a greyhound chooses—and he usually chooses it the first time he goes around a track and sticks with it as long as he races—he regards it as his own private and heaven-sent right. He will take that path come hell or high water.

Many dogs are not only concerned about their own direction. If another dog tries to pass, they will turn their heads and fight him off as well as they can in their racing muzzles. A dog that gets into the habit of interfering is promptly ruled off the track, but there are no inquiries or claims for rough racing with the greyhounds. In fact, in most dog races there are so many incidents that would be called fouls in horse racing that half the field would have to be disqualified.

The size of the field does not seem to have any effect on the mayhem. Almost all U.S. tracks have eight-dog fields, but there appears to be no more crowding with them than with the six-dog fields abroad or with the nine-dog fields at Multnomah Park in Portland, Ore. As a matter of fact, without the struggle to reach and round the first turn, the races would hardly be fun at all. Greyhounds are so consistent that if they ran down a straightaway in lanes separated by glass panels, the results would be sure as death and taxes. Anybody who knew anything about reading past performances could pick the races 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 with hardly a miss.

Precisely because greyhounds are so consistent, they are a good bet, even with all the jostling around the first turn. It is not easy picking the winners. It never is in any gambling enterprise—but it can be done with a lot of work. Here are some tips.

The best bet at a dog track is the quinella, picking the first two dogs across the finish line regardless of their order. And the best way to play it is to box three dogs—that is, pick three dogs and tie them up in the three possible quinella combinations that they represent (1-2, 1-3, 2-3). Or better still, if you don't mind doubling the stakes, to box four dogs—buying the six combinations 1-2, 1-3, 1-4, 2-3, 2-4 and 3-4. With a three-dog box you still have a chance if one of your dogs is knocked out going into the turn and with a four-dog box you still have a chance if two of your dogs are knocked out. Trying to pick the winner, or using one dog as a key in the quinella, is too hazardous because there is too much bumping in the run to the turn.

The question is how to find the three or four dogs with the best chances. You cannot pick the dogs like the horses. Running down past performances in the program you might find that the No. 6 dog has run the usual 5/16-mile distance in 31.15, whereas no other dog in the race has gone faster than 31.50 in the last six races, the only ones shown in the program. Since .07 of a second equals a length, the program would make it appear to a horseplayer that the No. 6 is five lengths better than anything else and thus a mortal lock. Not so. The times that appear in the program do not mean all that much.

Dog tracks are mostly sand and the dogs are in about the same position as a man running along a beach. If the tide has just gone out and the sand is packed down, the man can run his best. If the sand is dry, he may sink in up to his ankles. Like the shoreline, the speed of the track surface on any given night depends on how much water is in it, which in turn depends on how thoroughly it was watered that afternoon, on the temperature and on the humidity. Since the greyhounds are consistent, they will put forth almost exactly the same effort one night after another if nothing gets in their way. But

than $40,000. "Right after the war it was hard to get equipment," says Frank R. Anderson, Sawyer's nephew who was later president of the Miami Beach Kennel Club. "Rails, for example, to carry the motor that drew the rabbit. We had to use different-sized rails, some eight-pound rails, some 13-pound. The mechanism was a huge thing. It weighed 1,600 pounds—1,600 pounds of machinery to carry a one-pound rabbit. It jumped the rails."

When it was at last ready to operate, there was another crisis: the greyhound owners refused to cooperate. "They said the mechanical rabbit would spoil their dogs," Anderson says. "They said, 'These dogs are valuable, worth as much as $25 or $30.' It makes you laugh to think of that now." But enough owners went along to permit the track to open in 1919 with some 500 spectators on hand. "The rabbit jumped the track often," said Anderson. "Since the dogs had no muzzles in those days, they'd tear it all to hell."

Horrified, the owners said the dogs would never chase again after learning how they had been deceived. Smith explained that the greyhound is born to run, that its pleasure in life is to get out and run and that it will chase anything that moves away from it.

The issue, at Emeryville anyway, was soon enough rendered moot because betting was not allowed, and the meager admissions could not pay off the $40,000 debt. After a few weeks the partners closed the track and moved to Tulsa where betting was unofficially permitted. Smith himself would have nothing to do with wagering because he was still dreaming of greyhound racing as a great mass entertainment. He was also concerned about charges of fixed races by disgruntled owners and disappointed bettors. "He was always trying to prevent accusations of skulduggery," says his son Edward. "Things like rubber bands around a dog's toes, pebbles or cinders between the toes, the dogs being watered just before a race and, of course, doping. My father instituted many of the precautions to dog racing that are now standard in horse racing as well—and horse racing was wide open in those days. I understand the receiving barn, for instance, grew out of his idea of the receiving kennel where the dogs were kept before a race. The starting gate evolved from the starting boxes used in dog races. There were no precedents for such things in those days, and he had to work them out by himself as he went along."

The Tulsa meet lasted from mid-October to Thanksgiving 1920, then Sawyer and Smith hurried to East St. Louis, Ill., where they quickly built a $100,000 track, largely financed by local businessmen. For the first time in his life Smith emerged as a public figure. He was now

continued

by ERNEST HAVEMANN

a dog running around the track alone, and doing his very best, might be clocked in 31.15 on a night when the track is very fast and in 32.15 on another night when the track is very slow. There can be that much difference from one night to the next—a full second, better than 14 lengths. In fact, even on the same night the track may slow down half a second between the first race and the last.

Class means a lot in dog racing, but it is not as easy to spot as the amateur handicapper might think. Greyhounds run in five grades, A, B, C, D and E. When a dog wins, it moves up a grade. When it runs out of the money three times in a row it drops a grade. Often a dog that drops down is a good bet; there are dogs that seldom if ever win in A but win almost every time in B.

However, you can't always tell a dog's true class from the program. The program may show that he ran three races out of the money in A, ran out three more times in B and is now entered in C. Looks like a standout tonight. But the greyhound could in fact be just a below-average C dog that happened to get lucky a couple of times. Back on nights not shown in the program, he drew into a poor field of C dogs, benefited from some jamming by the others, won, moved up to B—and then repeated the process to move up into A. Even in Grade C tonight, if this is an above-average field of C dogs, he has very little chance.

The people who seem to do the best job of handicapping remember every dog's record since way back when. They know when he last won, against what kind of field and whether the track was fast or slow. They also know his running characteristics—whether he breaks fast or slow, how much closing lick he has, whether he likes to run on the rail or go wide. They pay a lot of attention to post position; they love to catch a wide-running dog that draws the No. 8 box in a field made up mostly of dogs that prefer to run on the inside, or a fast-breaking rail runner going from the No. 1 box in a race where the No. 2 and No. 3 can be counted on to carry the rest of the field wide.

For the casual racegoer the best advice probably comes from Sonny Alderson, a leading Florida trainer. When Alderson goes to a track where he doesn't know the dogs, he boxes four greyhounds in every race. Two of them he chooses on the basis of class; he looks for the two best dogs as shown by the grades in which they have been running and their percentage of wins and seconds in their total number of starts. For the other two he looks for early speed—dogs that have consistently been running on top or close up at the first call shown in the past performances.

Alderson's method makes a lot of sense. A dog that can get to the first turn on top avoids whatever jamming takes place; in fact about 55% of all races are won by the dog that leads at the first call and another 25% by the dog that is running second. It is better to have two fast breakers than just one because dogs don't always get out of the box the same way. Most of them rock back and forth in the starting box while waiting for the lid to pop open, and sometimes the start catches them moving the wrong way, like a runner picked off leaning the wrong way at first base. And natural-born front-runners tend to lose interest unless they break on top.

As for taking the two best dogs—insofar as one can determine which are actually best—this also makes sense. Class does tell. On the average a solid C dog runs .10 of a second or a length and a half faster than a solid D dog, and a B dog has the same kind of superiority in speed over a C dog.

One thing for sure, regardless of how you pick your dogs you will get a fair run for your money. A lot of casual racegoers seem convinced that the races are crooked, on any night at any track you can hear people exchanging tales about sandpapering the dogs' feet or filling them up with water to keep them from winning. Nonsense. Dog racing is without doubt the most honest sport in the world. There is no way to fix a dog race except by giving half the field some pills and betting on the other half. Although this has been tried by betting rings in the past, the security around the kennels and the tracks makes it impossible now.

The dogs have to weigh in at an assigned figure that precludes any overeating or overdrinking, and for hours before the races they are securely segregated in a compound where the public can see them but cannot touch them. And once they jump out of that starting box they are on their own, running without any kind of human guidance, assistance or hindrance. Greyhounds being more honest than people, the races are as clean as a hound's tooth.

52 years old, and the East St Louis *Daily Journal* described him as a hospitable person He personally welcomed visitors to the track before it opened and tirelessly explained the workings of his "electrical rabbit, which was invented to do away with the actual killing of rabbits."

Opening day in East St Louis was Oct 12, 1921 with perfect weather, Holton's Band playing and 4,000 paying customers on hand. Until the track closed on Thanksgiving, the average daily attendance was 2,000 Unfortunately, that was not enough Shortly thereafter the track went bankrupt. The local businessmen were stuck for $100,000 in losses but Smith and Sawyer had long since sold their interests and departed for Miami.

Al Capone's downfall began when Smith met Marty Hyland, a commission merchant in the produce business in St. Louis Then 43, Hyland had once sold vegetables from a handcart, and in searching for status symbols to go with his new wealth he had imported some expensive greyhounds from England. Through his interest in dogs he met Smith and eventually joined Sawyer to back him in the building of a track in an area of Florida called Hiimhuggiis, later known as Hialeah.

Among Hyland's associates was a 27-year-old lawyer named Edward O'Hare, or Artful Eddie. O'Hare subsequently became famous in two ways—for being part of Capone's crowd and for fathering Edward Henry O'Hare, the World War II Naval hero for whom the world's busiest airport is named. Handsome and cultivated and an excellent boxer, Artful *Eddie began to serve as the lawyer for* the track builders in patent infringement suits

By 1925 Smith was dashing around the country installing lures as though he feared Hyland's money might go out of style. From Hialeah Smith hustled to Erlanger, Ky., across from Cincinnati. Then, back to Florida and on to New Orleans. Later that year Hialeah introduced night racing, the innovation, along with the mechanized lure, that really made the sport. Says Edward Smith: "The success was found in night racing, in not trying to compete with the horses. Running at night appealed to a working-class audience."

The night racing at Hialeah also led to contacts with some distinctively non-working people in Palm Beach, who in turn were prominent in starting greyhound racing in England. This proved to be a tremendous success, although of almost no benefit to Smith. The first English track opened in Manchester in July 1926, and within two years there were 68 tracks operating or under construction throughout the British Isles. However, with his characteristic carelessness about his patents—and his reluctance to sail on a ship for fear of being drowned—Smith virtually gave away his British patent rights

Perhaps he was too possessed by his hope of a great chain of American tracks to care much about what was happening. He took charge of constructing new ones in Milwaukee and Butte, Mont. and the $150,000 Madison Kennel Club near East St. Louis. Dog racing was so profitable that Hyland just gave his commission produce business away to two of his employees. And, alas for Capone, Hyland also induced Artful Eddie O'Hare to try his hand at the dog track business.

Smith had always insisted on a strict regulation of each race, doing so against increasingly impossible odds. As John Kobler wrote in his biography of Capone, "Nothing was easier than to rig a *pari-mutuel race. Given eight entrants,* for example, overfeeding seven of them by a couple of pounds of meat or running them a mile before the race would guarantee victory to the eighth dog."

These impossible odds came not from the workings of Smith's rabbit but from the new people in the business, notably Capone and any number of other hoodlums, big-time and two-bit alike. Bugs Moran and Adam Heyer (one of the *hoods gunned down in the St. Valentine's* Day massacre) had large dog track interests and so did almost every mob hanger-on.

In an expansive moment in Havana Capone once revealed to Cuban police that O'Hare was managing tracks for Johnny Patton, Greasy Thumb Jake Guzik, Frank Nitti and Al and his brother Ralph. But then O'Hare never made any secret of his business association with Capone, even if he always kept his social life apart from the mob.

In 1929 Frank Wilson, a top Treasury agent, was assigned to collect evidence of Capone's income tax evasions. Wilson made no progress in Chicago—no one there dared testify against Capone—but a St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* reporter, John Rogers, put him in touch with O'Hare. After a week of brooding, O'Hare decided to provide Wilson with the material he needed His motives were mixed. He considered himself a legitimate dog track operator increasingly drained by Capone; he believed he was going to be bumped off, and he wanted his son to win an appointment to the U S Naval Academy

Wilson reported that O'Hare's information was the single most important factor in the conviction of Capone. Typical of these leads was the case of Lou Shumway. He had been Capone's bookkeeper at his Cicero gambling headquarters Searching for Shumway, Wilson found him at the most likely place—a Miami dog track He was given the choice of informing on Capone's income or being publicly served with a subpoena In the latter case Shumway stood a good chance of being killed to prevent him from testifying, so he directed Wilson to evidence of Capone's unreported income. In all, Wilson accumulated records to prove an income of $1,038,656 that Capone had not reported. It was very little by Al's standards but enough to convict him, put him in jail for 11 years and cost him a fine of $50,000 Thus did Owen *Smith's mechanical rabbit bring down* Public Enemy No. 1.

Before all this had transpired, Smith had died at the age of 58. "He was a very healthy man," his son Edward recalls "He had the flu for three days and then passed away in his sleep. I never knew what happened." Hyland died two years later in 1929 after an operation for appendicitis and gallstones. These tragedies left O'Hare in a very advantageous position "*Eddie had practically* no money at the time," Mrs Hyland explained later, "but he was an exceptionally hard worker. He didn't drink, and he didn't smoke When Marty died Eddie took over the race business."

O'Hare soon had a mansion in a Chicago suburb, a suite of rooms in the Illinois Athletic Club, an apartment in the clubhouse at a dog track and, perhaps most important, an inconspicuous basement hideout in downtown Chicago. As the date for Capone's release approached in 1939 O'Hare made some prudent new decisions He took out $96,000 worth of life insurance and he announced he was retiring from the dog racing business. Eight days before Capone left Alcatraz, O'Hare was being driven down Ogden

continued



MG.
Built for sports car enthusiasts by sports car enthusiasts.





The roads around the MG works in Abingdon, England are curved and narrow. They wend north to Oxford, east toward Dorchester and south to the channel. Some were laid out in the 14th Century, when horsepower was easier to measure.

It's no wonder the whole idea of a popular-priced sports car originated there.

And it's no wonder the people who assemble today's MGs have sports cars in their blood.

In the days of the MG racing team, the whole factory stopped and cheered when news of another victory reached them. Today, many of the same workers, or their sons and grandsons, still work on our MGB production line—the shortest, slowest and least automated one we know of.

The MGB body shells are mounted on individual assembly trucks and pushed onto a track. The first team goes to work methodically and carefully, unpressured by a grinding set of automated tracks.

When they complete their jobs, they push the car to the next station. By hand.

This ritual is repeated only 20 times down the line. The result is a sports car that's famous for its stamina, durability and careful workmanship.

Of course, MGB's greatness comes not only from *how* we built it, but from *what* we build in it. Rack and pinion steering for quick, responsive control. Race-seasoned suspension for a firm grip on the road. And a four speed, short-throw gearbox to put your reflexes in touch with the 1798 c.c. engine.

The MGB also has radial-ply tires, mag-style wheels, front disc brakes, monocoque body, reclining bucket seats and full sports car instrumentation.

So the next time an MGB amazes you with its facility to negotiate a curve or maneuver in a pack, don't be so amazed. It was built by people who know what sports car motoring is all about.

That may explain why MGB is the reigning National Champion in SCCA's E Production for the second year in a row.

So go meet another sports car enthusiast—your MG dealer.

For his name and for information about overseas delivery, call (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400. Calls are toll free.

The sports car America loved first.

Avenue in Chicago when a shotgun blast from a passing car hit him in the head, killing him instantly.

The murder left George Sawyer and Tom Keen as the only survivors from the earliest period of greyhound racing. Sawyer died peacefully in 1947 at the age of 72 but Keen's fate was more typical. A portly, quiet, self-contained individual, Keen had no known enemies. He led a dual existence, according to some newspaper accounts he was a gambler, but he also operated a factory near San Mateo, Calif. where he manufactured a compact racetrack totalizer for dog races. Early in 1952 this usually imperturbable genius displayed unusual restlessness. He withdrew $40,000 from his personal savings account, took a $13,000 advance from his firm, borrowed $65,000 from Howie Quinn, a St. Louis gambler who owned stock in dog tracks, and took a loan of $35,000 more from the Multnomah track in which he was an investor. On the morning of Feb. 5 Keen walked out of his house, got into his Cadillac and stepped on the starter. The ensuing blast blew out a wall of the garage, smashed a little machine shop where he worked for a hobby, demolished the automobile and blew what remained of his body through the back seat.

These days there is an antiseptic calm around dog tracks. In the tower at Bonita Springs where John Braham works his remote control of the rabbit an array of desks faces the windows overlooking the track. Seated at them are the presiding judge, the associate judge, the racing secretary, the assistant racing secretary, a representative of the Division of Pari-Mutuel Wagering and a chart writer. In adjoining quarters are the cameraman to record photo finishes, a television camera operator and the announcer. The atmosphere is friendly but watchful, something like the mood encountered when you are searched before boarding a plane.

The device used to control the speed of the rabbit is enclosed in a glass case where no one can reach it except the lure operator. It looks like the control arm used by the motorman of an old-fashioned trolley car. This is because it is the control formerly used on a trolley. Nothing that has since been developed is as suitable for running a mechanical rabbit as these obsolete streetcar mechanisms, and the one at the Bonita Springs greyhound track is said to be 80 years old.

After the dogs are placed in the starting boxes there is a long pause for dramatic effect, and the presiding judge says quietly, "O.K., run 'em, John." Braham pushes the streetcar lever across 15 copper segments of the rheostat as far to the right as it will go. The rabbit flashes into motion beyond the first turn. At full power the rabbit whips around the second turn and into the backstretch, its high clearance off the racing surface suggesting a bird rather than a mammal. Before coming to the final turn Braham cuts off the power entirely and the rabbit slows down as it coasts past the starting boxes at the head of the stretch.

The doors open, the dogs dash onto the track and Braham ups the power to about half speed to keep the rabbit 40 feet in front of the racers. If the lure is too far ahead, the dogs lose sight of the rabbit and get confused.

Braham works the control constantly during the race, moving the lever back and forth to keep the rabbit just in front of the leading dogs. In the backstretch he puts the power on and the rabbit takes a long lead. Coming into the stretch he cuts the power down and the dogs almost catch the rabbit. As the lure moves past the grandstand he keeps it only 20 feet in front of the leaders. It is an art, a rare and specialized one—Braham once had three consecutive dead heats.

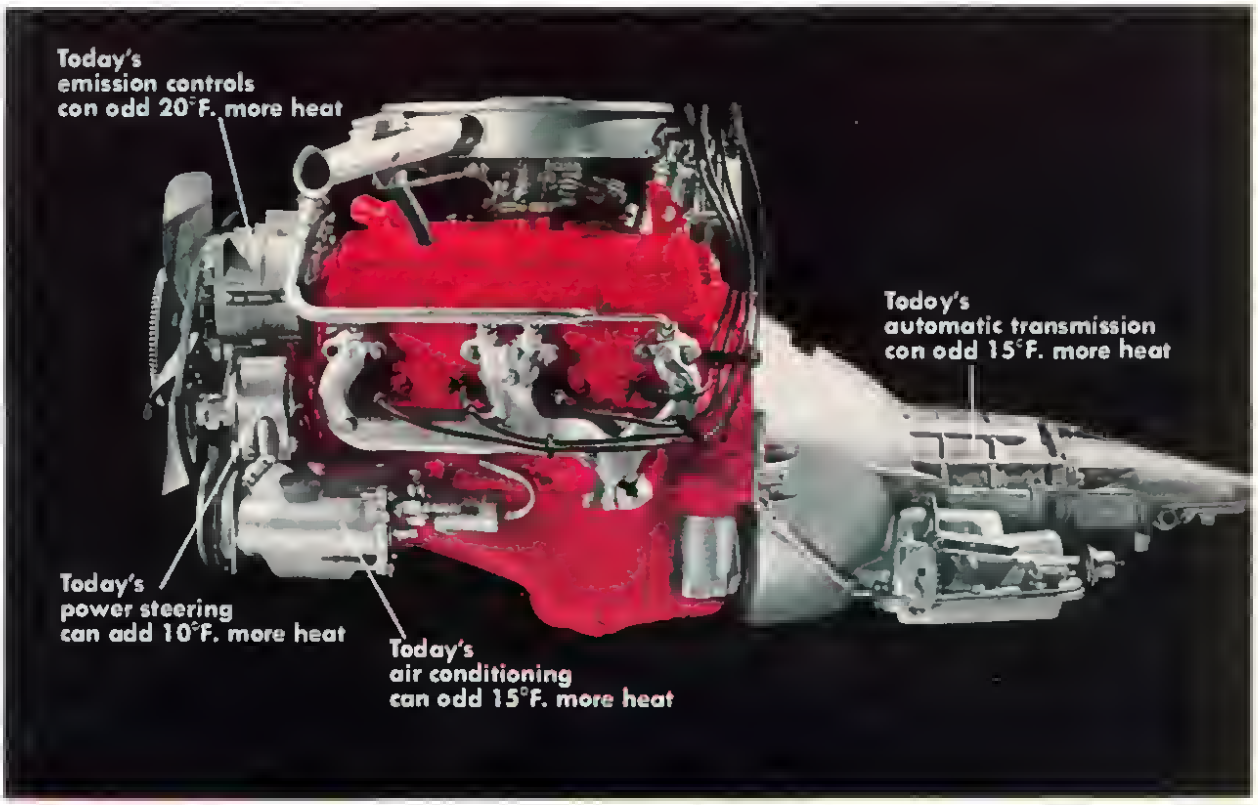
Braham's work is not over when the dogs cross the finish line, since the greyhounds do not know the race is over. Stopping them was once a major problem. In England it was a practice to toss the skin of a real hare onto the track so the dogs would be distracted by it and remain in one place long enough for the handlers to round them up. In America a curtain once was drawn across the track beyond the first turn to stop the dogs. At some tracks a second curtain was drawn behind them. Now, after passing the finish the rabbit is pushed up to full speed. It rounds the first turn and folds into an escape hatch on the rail. Simultaneously, lights appear in a glassed-in box nearby. Inside two more artificial rabbits bounce up and down, backward and forward, while a whistling mechanism gives off frightened, squealing sounds. "The greyhounds put on the brakes immediately, and their attention is attracted by the lifelike rabbits in the glass box," says *The Heart of Greyhound Racing*.

That is easy to believe. It is a scene Franz Kafka would have loved, one in which he would have found some remote parallel to the fate of modern man. The whole enterprise relies on dogs speeding forever after something they cannot possibly catch and which is not even what they think it is: their prey is kept just out of reach by some remote agency they cannot see and whose motives they could not imagine.

"I only work about 440 seconds a night," said John Braham, stepping out of the control booth and mopping his brow. The operators of greyhound tracks these days are so intent on living down the scandals of the past that there is an almost alarming candor in their offices. There is a friendly insistence on displaying the innumerable safeguards they take to prevent dishonesty, protection against hazards one could not imagine except for the demonstration of how they have been overcome. The scandals have been lived down. Nine states now have legalized greyhound racing; three new tracks, two in New Hampshire and one in Mobile have opened this year, and the Greyhound Hall of Fame, presenting a more attractive side of the sport's history than does a biography of Al Capone, was recently started in Abilene, Kans. Everywhere in the business one hears that greyhound racing now ranks seventh among spectator sports in the U.S. In Florida the pari-mutuel handle and revenue at the 17 greyhound tracks are greater than those of thoroughbred and harness races and jai alai combined.

Ironically, the modern era of dog racing, with its honesty and discipline, its shiny new tracks and plastic-eyed mechanical rabbits, still retains some of the simple freshness and country flavor of the old coursing days. This is particularly the case in afternoon races at a place like Bonita Springs, where elderly patrons doze in the sunlight, watching the herons over the trees beyond the track, and rouse themselves to walk leisurely to the windows (kept open past post time to accommodate the slowest bettor) if they see a dog they like. It can even be that way at a big track such as the one in Miami Beach, which adjoins an enormous enclave of senior citizens. There sprightly oldsters exchange racing tips with comely 60-year-old girls. It is the old days, charming and quietly exciting, and it is kept going by rabbits that are never caught and never scream in pain. END

The price of today's many driving comforts is one hot engine.



Today, your car engine's greatest enemy is heat. There's more heat because today your engine has to power more equipment.

Your automatic transmission, power steering, air conditioner—as well as the emission controls in today's cars—all cause heat that may rob your motor oil of its full power to protect your engine.

So change your oil as soon as your owner's manual tells you to. And by all means, use only a premium quality oil such as Quaker State. It's refined only from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil and specifically fortified to handle the severe heat that builds up in today's engines.



For your peace of mind, ask for Quaker State.

Quaker State your car to keep it running young.

MULTIFILTER.
20 VERY MODERN CIGARETTES.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



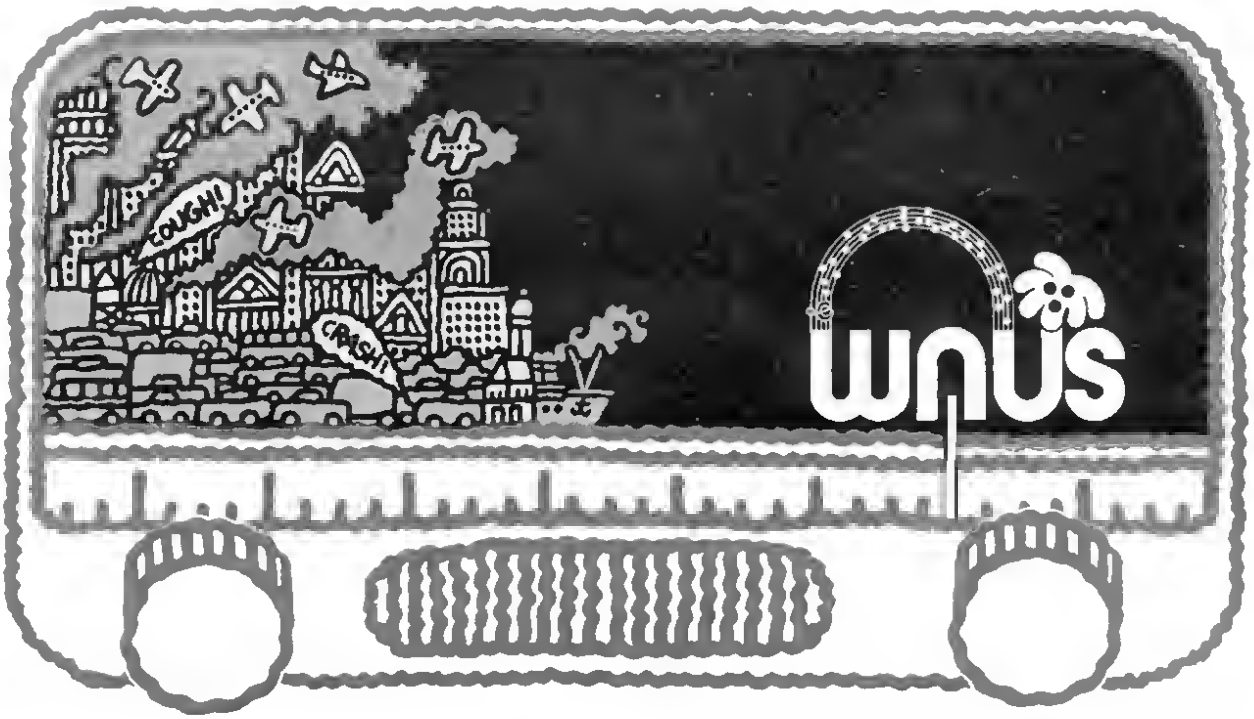
Regular or Menthol

From the feel of the pack, to the design of the filter, to the taste of the tobacco.

MULTIFILTER.
20 VERY MODERN CIGARETTES.

Menthol 11 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine. Regular 14 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '73

far away from it all



Far from the noisy crowd of Chicago radio commercial clutter ... all the way over at 1390 AM or 107.5 FM ... an oasis for advertisers' messages, too, with a maximum of 12 commercial units per hour.

chicago's only 24 hour **am-fm**
good music station

It has countless uses.



actual size

Count 'em.

The new CASIO-MINI electronic calculator can add, subtract, multiply or divide; square; do decimal, chain or mixed calculations. In fact, this pocket-sized battery or AC (with adaptor) calculator can do almost anything you need it to do.

In just a few minutes, without special instructions of any kind, a housewife can use her CASIO-MINI to check the supermarket checkout man, or balance her household budget.

It can solve a student's math problems with speed, precision and unwonted brilliance. It can aid accountants, beguile businessmen and titillate treasurers with its easy-to-use versatility.

CASIO-MINI's bright, legible display lets you read a 12-digit answer at the mere touch of the Full Answer key. And all the keys depress with feather-light ease.

The CASIO-MINI is a remarkable technical achievement. A high-quality, dependable, durable electronic calculator. At a price that will please you.

Buy one—and become a lightning calculator. Buy two—and make someone else happy. Including your Casio dealer.

Casio®

CASIO ELECTRONIC CALCULATORS, Consumer Products Division, Executive Offices: Suite 4011, One World Trade Center, New York, N Y 10048 • Tel 212-432-9230

Now it's Mac and Mac Again



MAC, YOUR FRIENDLY 24-HOUR BANKER



MAC AGAIN

Mac Again, LaSalle's newest 24-hour banker, is now working side by side with Mac in the main lobby of the LaSalle Bank Building

Last year, Mac I and Mac II handled more business than any other two 24-hour bankers in the country. (Mac II works at LaSalle's Walk-in, Drive-in Facility, 335 West Jackson.)

Mac said he didn't mind working 24 hours a day every day including Sundays and holidays but that he needed help.

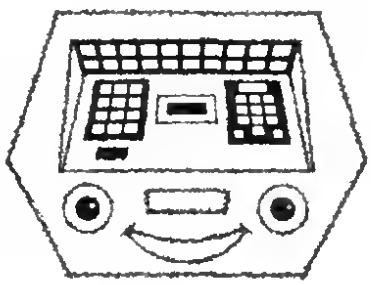
That's why Mac Again is now working at Mac's side in the main lobby of the LaSalle Bank Building, 135 South LaSalle Street. (Mac Again is Mac's first cousin. His real name is Melvin, but he hates it.)

So keep those LaSalle Bank Key Cards coming. Our friendly 24-hour bankers can each perform up to 11 transactions at any hour of the day or night.

A LaSalle Bank Key Card unlocks 95% of LaSalle's services. You can deposit money in either your checking or savings account, transfer funds from one account to another, make cash withdrawals, make payments on bank loans, even borrow money if you have a Line of Credit at LaSalle.

Pick up your application for a LaSalle Bank Key Card the next time you visit the bank.

AND MAC II, TOO!



LaSalle A FULL SERVICE BANK

...the bank on the move

LaSalle National Bank, LaSalle Bank Building
135 S LaSalle Street Chicago, Illinois 60690 443-2500,
Jackson Wacker Walk in Drive in Facility,
at 335 W Jackson Blvd Phone 443 2880 Member F D I C

Ely jackets. Rugged and right.

A guy wants to stay warm yet quick on the draw. Move easily with a certain swagger. So Ely designs Weather Jack jackets to winterize you for action. All models in men's and boys' sizes. At your favorite store or write Ely & Walker, 823 East Holmes Road, Memphis, Tennessee 38116.

Vinyl leisure jacket, top-stitched and lined with plush fur-type fiber is buttoned, belted, and flap-pocketed

Quilted nylon jacket with nylon lining and polyester fill Imitation fleece for collar and inside patch pockets Storm cuffs

Rugged cotton corduroy, collared and lined with imitation fleece



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 13-19

BOATING—Barring any protests, WEST GERMANY captured the Admiral's Cup with 831 points. Australia was second with 779 points in the four-race world championship sailed between Cowes and Plymouth.

BOWLING—In his second triumph of the season DON JOHNSON outrolled Larry Laub 258–206 in the $37,500 Bay City (Mich.) Open.

BETTY MORRIS of Stockton, Calif. bowled a six-game series of 1,367 to capture the Professional Women's championship in Flint, Mich.

FOOTBALL—Kansas City played a double bill this week and dropped both games in the last minute and a half. In Monday night's special the Chiefs *lost to Detroit 17–16 in what Coach* Hank Stram called "a ridiculous way," as Jan Stenerud had his first PAT in seven years blocked. Cornerback Lem Barney was the star. He blocked the kick and earlier, in the second quarter, intercepted a Pete Beathard pass on the Detroit 31 and returned it to the two. Altie Taylor took it over for the score. Next it was Minnesota's turn, and the Vikings, despite a rash of turnovers, beat the Chiefs on a late field goal 13–10 which prompted Stram to say, "It's a shame when you get five turnovers and don't win." Nate Allen was one Chief who was not ashamed, intercepting three passes and recovering a fumble. Philadelphia choked on two punting situations and Pittsburgh capitalized for a 17–3 victory. The Steelers' second in three outings. Terry Bradshaw completed 12 of 21 passes for 116 yards. In Dallas Roger Staubach and Craig Morton passed the Cowboys to a 24–14 victory over New Orleans. Staubach connected on scoring passes of 52 and 45 yards, and Morton flipped for the final score, a shortie to Billy Truax in the end zone. Former Cowboy Duane Thomas helped spoil Buffalo's debut in its $22 million stadium by leading Washington to a 37–21 win over the Bills (*page 16*). George Blanda, now 45 and a 24-year veteran, kicked three field goals, one from the 41, as Oakland downed Los Angeles 16–3. Blanda also contributed the extra point after Daryle Lamonica's six-yard pass to Bob Moore for the Raiders' only TD. Rookie Quarterback Bert Jones led an 80-yard drive, capped by Don Nottingham's one-yard sweep, for a 32–28 Baltimore victory over Detroit. Running Back Floyd Little accounted for two of Denver's five touchdowns in a 38–17 rout of St. Louis. *Atlanta dropped New England 27–10.* Houston lost to Green Bay 33–14 and Chicago and Miami played to a 9–9 draw. The Dolphins first non-win in 22 games. Cleveland won its first exhibition game in 10 tries 24–6 over Cincinnati, and the Giants proved they "own New York" with a 45–30 win over the Jets in New Haven, Conn.

GOLF—CAROL SEMPLE won her first U.S. Women's Amateur in eight attempts, one-up over Anne Sander, in Montclair, N.J. (*page 60*).

LANNY WADKINS moved closer to the $200,000 mark for the year with a 3-under-par 69 in the final round of the USI Golf Classic in Sutton, Mass. Surviving a double bogey on the 14th, he beat Rik Massengale, Lee Elder and Tom Jenkins by two strokes and added the $40,000 first prize to his earnings bringing them to $188,914.

SANDRA PALMER collected $4,500 for her one-stroke victory over Judy Rankin and Jane Blalock in the LPGA's St. Paul Open. She carded a 2-under 71 for the final 18 and a total of 209.

HARNESS RACING—SPARTAN HANOVER ($12), driven by Billy Haughton, won the $50,000 American Trotting Championship at Roosevelt Raceway by a neck over Delmonica Hanover. The victory, in *2:34 for the 1¼ mile, qualified Spartan Hanover as* the U.S. entry in the $150,000 Roosevelt International, Aug. 25.

HORSE RACING—Moving into the history books alongside Arts and Letters, Bold Reason and Key to the Mint was ANNIHILATE 'EM ($7.40), winner of the 104th Travers at Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Ridden by Ron Turcotte, the 3-year-old colt beat Stop the Music by 1¼ lengths. The field was sharply narrowed by post time as Secretariat, Out Native and Knightly Dawn were all withdrawn.

Mike Hole rode WINDTEX ($9.60) to a 1¼-length victory over Rastafarian in the $100,000 Hobson Handicap at Liberty Bell Park in Philadelphia.

MOTOR SPORTS—Emerson Fittipaldi's Lotus teammate, RONNIE PETERSON, roared to victory in the Austrian Grand Prix, at Oesterreichring, in Zeltweg. Fittipaldi, who led most of the race, dropped out with five laps remaining because of a broken fuel pipe. Peterson covered the 198 miles in 1:28:48.75. Jackie Stewart, still leading the Formula 1 point standings, was second in a Tyrrell Ford.

BRIAN REDMAN, in a Lola, won his third L&M championship series race, at Road Atlanta in Gainesville, Ga. Mark Donohue, also driving a Lola, was second in the $50,000 contest.

SOCCER—PHILADELPHIA ATOMS defeated the Toronto Metros 3–0 and earned the right to play Dallas Tornado for the North American Soccer League title.

KYLE ROTE JR. *was named Rookie of the Year* by the North American Soccer League. A center forward for the Dallas Tornado, he was the first American ever to lead the NASL in scoring (10 goals and 10 assists for 30 points).

SWIMMING—East Germans KORNELIA ENDER and ULRIKE RICHTER set world records for the 100-meter freestyle and backstroke in a European meet in Utrecht, the Netherlands. Ender, with 58.12, broke her freestyle record set July 13 by 03. Richter turned in a 1:05.39 for the backstroke, bettering South African Karen Muir's four-year-old mark of 1:05.6.

TENNIS—MANUEL ORANTES became the first Spaniard in the 63-year history of the U.S. National Clay Court Championships to win the men's singles, defeating France's Georges Goven 6–4, 6–1, 6–4. Clay queen Chris Evert beat British Veronica Burton 6–4, 6–3 for the women's crown of the $90,000 event in Indianapolis.

No. 1-ranking Southern junior player CANDY REYNOLDS captured the U.S. Women's Amateur Grass Court championship in Haverford, Pa. The 18-year-old from Knoxville, Tenn. downed Cathy May 1–6, 7–6, 6–0 in the finals.

WORLD GAMES—At the end of four days of competition the U.S.S.R. had racked up 36 gold medals, 15 silver and 17 bronze to dominate the World University Games in Moscow. Rumania was far behind with three gold, five silver and five bronze. The U.S., with no gold, had only its basketball squads for comfort as the American men won four straight and the women captured three. OLGA KORBUT grabbed *five of the Soviets' eight* gymnastic gold medals and the Soviet Union took nine of 10 Greco-Roman wrestling events.

MILEPOSTS—RETIRED. From racing, Grand National stock-car driver BOBBY ISAAC, 39. Winner of more than half a million dollars in prize money, he pulled into the pits in the midst of the Talladega *500 and announced* he was through racing, saying, "Something told me to quit."

SUSPENDED. In a rare action by the PGA, BOB ROSBURG, for "conduct unbecoming a professional golfer," for three weeks. The former PGA champion was ruled ineligible for the next three events for remarks he made insinuating that Billy Casper had cheated while winning the Western Open in July.

DIED. Auto engine manufacturer FRED OFFENHAUSER, 85, in Los Angeles. Taking control of a failing race-car engine company in the early '30s, he developed the legendary power plant that won more Indy 500s than any engine in history.

DIED. Former Olympic swimmer CHARLES M. DANIELS, 88, in Carmel Valley, Calif. He won gold medals in the 220-yard and 400-meter freestyles in 1904 and picked up two more in the 100-meter freestyle in the unofficial 1906 Olympics and the 1908 Games.

CREDITS

20-22—Dick Raphael. 36, 37—Guy de la Valdene. 44—Epoque Pictorial Parade, London Daily Express Pictorial Parade. 47—Herb Scharfman. 56—Tony Triolo.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JIM KNIIVILA, a four-year varsity pitcher for Holt (Mich.) High, was named all-state for the second straight year, fanning 119 batters in 66 innings and finishing 8-1 with a 0.21 ERA. A tailback in football for three years, he also played two years of varsity basketball.

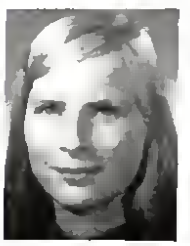




RONNIE and **RANDY CROCKER,** cousins at Lockhart (S.C.) High, pitched their team to three consecutive Class A state titles with 37 victories in a row. Ronnie, a senior righthander, is 24-0 in four seasons, with 227 strikeouts in 150 innings and a career ERA of 0.95. Randy, a junior southpaw, is 17-0 for three seasons with 154 strikeouts in 110 innings and a 1.12 ERA. Each boy has pitched three no-hitters, the most recent being Randy's in the state championship playoffs. Lockhart has won 54 of its last 55 games.



ALEXANDRA NICHOLOSON, 16, of Rockford, Ill., holds 14 national women's trampoline titles including the AAU, which took place in Lafayette, La. A competitor since age 12, she also won the senior women's world title in Germany last year.



SHELLY BAKER, *18,* is the first female to be named Hollidaysburg, Pa.'s most outstanding athlete, by the Lions Club. Winner of seven varsity letters and two-time MVP as a shortstop on her girls' softball team, she led her basketball team to a league championship.



THAYNE MURRAY, 9, of Overland Park, Kans., set a national AAU Bantam Division record of 29 flat for the 220-yard dash at the Missouri Valley Junior Olympics. He also bettered the Missouri Valley record for the 100 with 12.7 and holds state records in both.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MINI

Sirs:

I read with sadness and outrage the statement made by the father of the young minicycle racing competitor: "Well, as the old saying goes, it isn't really cheating unless you get caught, now is it (*Down Will Come Baby, Cycle and All*, Aug. 13)?" That's just beautiful, really beautiful! There is a group of men in Washington, D.C. who probably justified their actions of about a year ago with the same old saying.

I am sure that this type of father is the exception rather than the rule, but I'm afraid that his type is becoming more prevalent. Would a lifetime suspension for flagrant cheating, and especially a second violation, be too severe a penalty?

ARTHUR E. BOWERS

Indianapolis

Sirs:

Regarding your article on "minimen"—or should I say "minibrats"—this goes to show how competitive our society is today, pushing children further and further into winning. Who is winning the race, the parent or the child? There is a time and place for competition in a child's life, but not right out of the maternity ward!

JOHN F. JONES

Littleton, Colo.

Sirs:

My mother just sold my Honda SL70 because she doesn't think it's safe for me. I'm only 13 and a girl for that matter. But my brother is 14, and he's got a Suzuki 125, which he rides all the time. It's not fair.

KELLY GILLESPIE

St. Joseph, Mich.

Sirs:

Those of us in the health-care field who are dealing with an epidemic of motorcycle accidents and the injuries therefrom have to consider the article a true disservice.

The increase in injuries to small children riding minibikes is significant, though there is no mention of this in the article.

I would hope that the commercial interests will not continue to have their way totally. Discerning parents should protect their children from this source of harm as they would from any other.

THAD C. STANFORD, M.D.

Salem, Ore.

Sirs:

Ernest Havemann attempted to draw a close comparison between minicycle racing and Little League baseball. Although I agree that the parents in both sports do become excited and sometimes overly zealous in their support and criticism of the youngsters, the comparison ends there. In Little League baseball the father cannot buy his son a strong arm, a sharp batting eye or quickness, or enter him on a team with a 100% chance of receiving a trophy. The only items usually purchased are a baseball glove for about $10 and, sometimes, baseball shoes with rubber cleats. Trophies or medals are won by teams, not by individuals.

In over a decade of managing Little League teams I have yet to see anyone connected with the program intentionally cheat. Your analogy of "minimen" riding motorcycles to Little League baseball players does not hold up. Let each stand on its respective merits (or demerits).

DAN WUEBING

Santa Maria, Calif.

Sirs:

Your coverage of the minicycle racing scene is the fairest representation of the sport that I have seen in the national media. Havemann's comments on the "Little League syndrome" among parents were accurate and fair. However, the entire growing-up process is subject to this parental influence, a fact not often recognized by those who criticize it. Without stretching things too much, we could say that our civilization, imperfect though it is, resulted from variations of the Little League syndrome. Its root cause is that desire for our children to be a little better than ourselves.

Parents wrapped up in sports activities for youngsters sometimes carry this desire to excess, but they are in the minority. Usually, parents behave the same at the motorcycle track as they do elsewhere, and the effect on their children would be the same.

One final point. Ernest Havemann based his story on what he saw at a very competitive and professionally run race. But that is only the tip of the iceberg. For every "professional" race there are a thousand that are a result of "betcha my Rupp'll beat your Indian." That type of racing costs very little and is about the best thing that could happen to a developing youngster.

PATRICK J. MACKIE
Publisher
MiniCycle

Laguna Hills, Calif.

BI

Sirs:

A yellow jersey to you for finally printing an article about American cyclists (*Fastest Legs in Two Leagues*, Aug. 13). As an officer in charge of the newly formed United States Military Academy Cadet Cycling Club I am in favor of any attempt to foster interest in this Olympic sport.

West Point will have a racing team this year and we are seeking other college teams with whom we could compete. Eastern intercollegiate cycling, to our knowledge, is nonexistent at this time; however, we hope that that situation will change soon. I know that all of the cyclists in our country join me in asking you for more articles about this sport.

THOMAS B. SURLES
Captain, Armor

West Point, N.Y.

BRUTALITY AND HATE

Sirs:

I was thoroughly disgusted by George Plimpton's article (*Thrown to the Lions*, Aug. 6). As a part-time intellectual, I understand a writer's yearning to question and analyze. However, as a former football player I am always irritated by non-football friends who delight in remarking about football games, players and coaches, based only on brief or superficial observations. I am equally irritated by Plimpton's intellectual "violin teacher" approach to his football experience. Football is a game to be played brutally and unquestionably, not to be analyzed in wonderment by an Ivy League egghead.

FRANK BRODY

West Chester, Pa.

Sirs:

It is time we all realized what football is really like. It is hard for me to believe that a nation of intelligent people would spend so much blood, sweat, tears and money on a sport that is so dehumanizing. Coaches say football makes players "mean." In the words of Plimpton the hate is "as thick as steam."

NOLAN BUTLER

Oneonta, Ala.

BUTTONED LIP

Sirs:

Edwin Shrake's story ("*I Talk Real Polite and Nice*," Aug. 13) depicts the true Leo Durocher—the one people often don't see, due to the impression given them by the press. What he gave to baseball will be remembered: the excitement of the teams he managed, his quarrels with umpires and players and his coaching philosophy.

This year has been particularly disheartening for the Astros. Injuries and poor pitching have plagued the team, and I hope fans realize that it was not Durocher's fault.

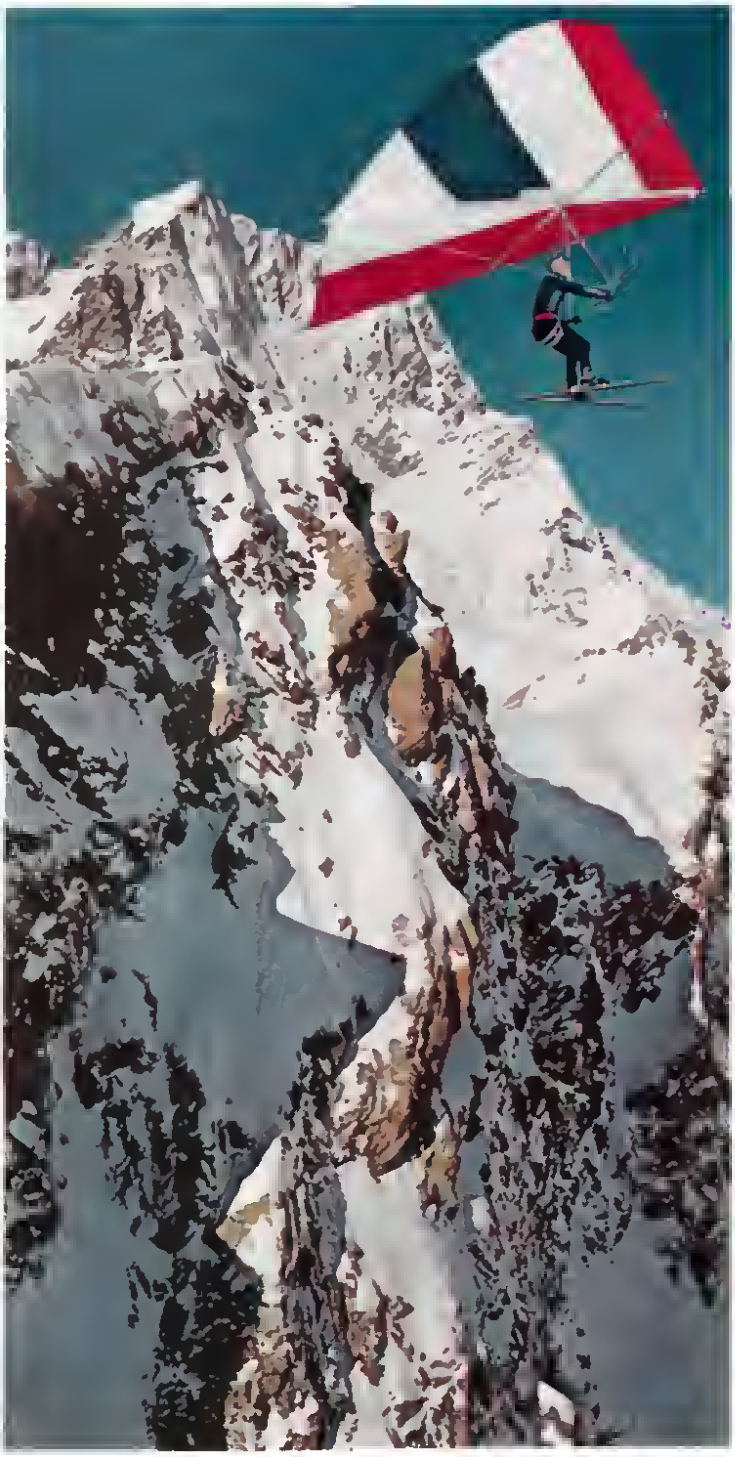
I honestly feel that Durocher's association with the team will be felt next year, whether or not he is still the manager, and that next year the Astros will be the team that their fans have dreamed about.

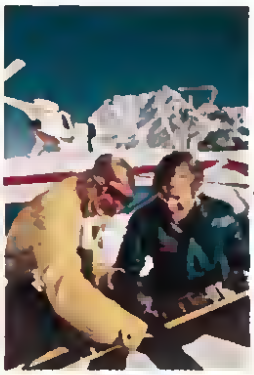
MILTON KASPER

Sebastian, Texas

continued

"Flying a kite off a windswept glacier in New Zealand is no game for kids."





"With 18 feet of sail as my wings—I, a rather jittery Jeff Jobe from Seattle—was ready to conquer the sky. Altitude: 8000 feet on New Zealand's Glacier Dome. Michele helped me into my kite harness. And soon I was racing toward the edge of the ice fall. I had descended 3000 feet in a perfect glide, when an icy blast rocked the kite. And suddenly, I was fighting for my life with a deadly downdraft.



"With some wild maneuvering and miraculous luck, I escaped into smooth air. As I circled, I grimly remembered the first rule of kiting: never fly higher than you'd like to fall.



"That evening, at The Hermitage Hotel, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club." It seems wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners and the pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. Canadian Club—"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1972

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

The Hatchback



of Notre Dame.

There's a new face on campus this year. The Honda Civic.™ From UCLA to NYU, more and more Hondas have been squeezing into parking places.

Why? Well for openers, the Civic Hatchback costs only $2250* and gets up to 30 miles to a gallon.

Pretty nice economics.

But economy is only half the story. The Civic's performance is even more remarkable.

In comparing the Civic against other economy cars, April Road Test magazine found that its 0-60 mph acceleration was bested only by the Mazda RX-3 (which lists at about a thousand dollars more).

And March Car and Driver magazine reported: "Its acceleration is not only better than that of VW's and other small displacement competitors like the Toyota Corolla 1200, but it also exceeds that of the standard engine Pinto as well. And with a top speed of 88 mph, the Civic is no sitting duck on the freeway either."

Road Test summed it up pretty well when they said: "Clearly, the automobile has it all; it provides the most immediately viable solution to our traffic problems and does this with comfort, performance, economy and a low price. For center city commuters, the Honda Civic is the car of the future. And it's here now."

Test drive it yourself.

And find out why we believe that new face on campus will soon become a very familiar sight.

The New Honda Civic

It will get you where you're going.

a add about $ transportation, transportation, tax and license extra. ©1973 American Honda Motor Co.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
TIME & LIFE BUILDING,
Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020

Time Inc. also publishes TIME, FORTUNE, MONEY and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell, Vice Chairman, Roy E. Larsen, President, James R. Shepley, Chairman of the Executive Committee, James A. Linen, Group Vice Presidents, Rhett Austell, Charles B. Bear, Arthur W. Keylor, R. M. Buckley, Vice President —Finance and Treasurer, Richard B. McKeough; Vice President —Corporate & Public Affairs, Donald M. Wilson, Vice Presidents, Ralph P. Davidson, Otto Fuerbringer, Charles L. Gleason, Jr., John L. Hallenbeck, Peter S. Hopkins, Lawrence Laybourne, Edward Patrick Lenahan, Henry Luce III, Joan D. Manley, John A. Meyers, J. Richard Munro, Herbert D. Schulz, Ira R. Slagter, Robert M. Sleed, Kelso F. Sutton, Arthur H. Thornhill, Jr., Garry Valk, Barry Zorthian; Asst. Treasurers, Kevin Dolan, J. Winston Fowlkes, Nicholas J. Nicholas; Comptroller, David H. Dolben; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Comptroller, William E. Bishop, Asst. Secretary, P. Peter Sheppe

CHANGE OF ADDRESS & ORDER FORM

IF YOU'RE MOVING, PLEASE LET US KNOW 4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

Attach your present mailing label here and fill in your new address below. Mail to
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
TIME & LIFE BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

FOR FASTER SERVICE
About this or other matters concerning your subscription-billing, renewal, complaints, additional subscriptions, etc.,
CALL TOLL FREE
800-621-8200
(Illinois: 800: 972-8302)

Subscription prices in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands is $12.00 a year. Military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year; all others $16.00 a year.

To order SI, check Box: ☐ **new** ☐ **renewal**

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

AFRICAN SOIL

Sirs:

I read with great interest your article on Ben Jipcho (*Jipcho Is Hitting His Stride*, July 30), as this fabulous athlete seems to have been overlooked in the North American press. There is one point in this article which I would like you to clarify. Jipcho names as one of his goals becoming the first man to break *any* world record on African soil. If we still consider South Africa to be part of the continent of Africa, which even the most ardent anti-*apartheid* groups must admit, then Jipcho will be disappointed. I think that I am correct in saying that Gert Potgieter of South Africa broke the world 440-yard hurdles record in Bloemfontein on April 16, 1960. This would be the first world record broken on African soil.

Potgieter was a co-favorite with Glenn Davis to win the gold medal at Rome that year, but unfortunately he was involved in a very serious automobile accident while touring the Continent in preparation for the Olympics, and the sight of one eye was impaired. I believe that this courageous athlete recovered sufficiently to become a pole vaulter.

It is also interesting to note that Potgieter's record stood for over 10 years, until broken by Ralph Mann in 1970.

GARTH S. JOWETT

Ottawa

NO KICKS (CONT.)

Sirs:

This charter subscriber finds it gratifying that SI occasionally finds space for an article on the world's No. 1 sport (*Learning the Game by Rote*, Aug. 6). Soccer is very much alive and kicking in the U.S.

Our own Rochester Lancers are from the smallest city in the NASL but should survive due to the extensive youth programs here—if they, like the others, put more Americans on the field.

Every public high school in this city and county fields a soccer team, the summer junior league has grown to two divisions, the amateurs to three, and most of our towns have a summer program for boys and girls.

We of the Chili Soccer Association are proud that the Little Guy soccer program, which began in our small suburb in 1970, has grown to about 150 teams in the county this year. Chili, with a population of about 20,000, is completing its fourth season with more than 600 soccer players from 6 to 15, plus two junior and two amateur teams and four girls' teams.

If the NASL can just keep going, programs such as ours will provide the future stars. As predicted earlier this year in SI by Clive Toye, the future Pelé is playing now in this country—maybe right now here in western New York.

DAVID A. BAILEY

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

I read Gwilym Brown's soccer article on Kyle Rote Jr. with great interest but also with a keen sense of frustration. Having also played in college (University of North Carolina) and graduated at the same time as he, I'm sure I share many of his feelings and hopes for the success of American soccer. I only wish I could share in his present opportunity to advance the game here.

Though I was an All-South selection in college and am presently playing for an amateur club, I have never been made aware of further professional possibilities. I mention this fact because there is much American-bred talent that is going to waste, not only from my standpoint but also that of many others. There are no clearly defined avenues to pursue leading into the pro ranks. If there were I'm sure you would see many more capable American players "learning the game by Rote."

VAN ALTEN

Basking Ridge, N.J.

UP WITH THE BIRDS (CONT.)

Sirs:

I have tried to watch with equanimity your obsession with certain teams of the NL East Division, specifically the Cubs and the Pirates. It was with satisfaction that I read the article on the "scrappy" Cardinals (*Cashing in Those Intangibles*, Aug. 6) after weeks of articles on the "awesome" Pirates and the "balanced" Cubs. It was with even greater satisfaction that I noted that through Friday, Aug. 10, the run-poor Cardinals had scored 471 runs while the awesome Pirates had pounded out a devastating 475 runs. With their traditionally underwhelming pitching staff (which is running true to form this year), the Pirates could hardly be considered real threats to the division title hopes of the Cards, the Cubs having politely removed themselves from the race (also true to form).

LARRY VIERS

Dallas

GOOD SHOT

Sirs:

As I was watching Wilbur Wood winning his 20th game against the Minnesota Twins, I wondered if any modern major league pitcher has ever won 20 or more games and lost 20 or more games in the same season. I cannot find any evidence supporting this, but if it has not happened before, I believe Wilbur has an excellent shot at it.

His record at this time is 20-17.

GERALD GELLERMAN

Grafton, N. Dak.

● The last pitcher with such a record was Walter Johnson (25-20) in 1916.—ED

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



Many champions are born and then unmade.

A kid is an athlete. Even the tiniest kid. Maybe he doesn't call his games basketball or football or tennis, but he goes at them hard all day long: running, jumping, climbing, tumbling around.

That's why Converse makes P.F. Flyers.® We're an athletic shoe manufacturer and we think a young athlete's first shoe should be as athletic as he is.

We know a kid needs the fit and support and feel of athletic shoes as much as big time athletes do. That's why he needs P.F.'s by Converse with exclusive Posture Foundation® wedge and arch cushion to take all the hours of hard-driving exercise a kid puts in every day.

P.F.'s alone won't make a champion. But they won't unmake one. And that should be important to you.

Get them off on the right shoes.



P.F.'s by ★ converse


"Calling it a Day"
How good it is
Winston tastes good, when a cigarette should.
KING SIZE
Winston
FILTER CIGARETTES
Winston
FULL-RICH TOBACCO FLAVOR
Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health
© 1973 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.73.